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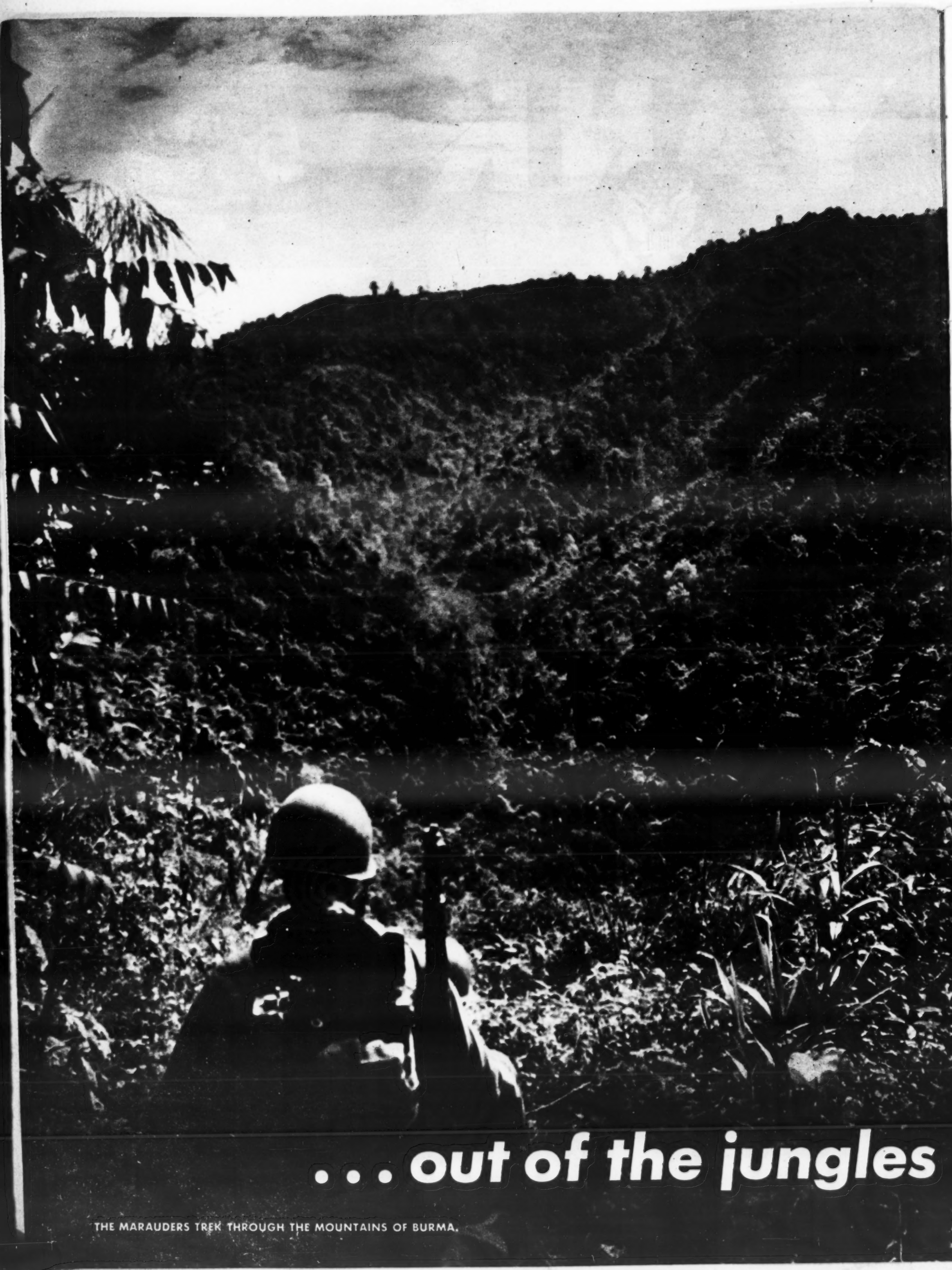
By the men . . . for the men in the service

PHILIPPINE FRIENDSHIP

GIs in Congress Discuss Problems of Veterans

PAGE 9



. . . out of the jungles

THE MARAUDERS TREK THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF BURMA.

BURMA WAR

into the cities

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 38TH CHINESE DIVISION BESIEGING BHAMO, NORTHERN BURMA—The battle for this city, the largest that Chinese and American forces have come upon in all their months of blasting the Japs out of northern Burma, has settled any GI's doubts about the trend of the fighting in this corner of the war.

One of the handful of American soldiers attached to this Chinese division summed up that trend as we sat near our holes in the darkness of the Burma night, listening to the swish of artillery shells, the slam of mortar bursts and the whine of snipers' bullets.

"You know," he said, "damned if the war over here doesn't seem to get more like the war in Italy or Germany all the time nowadays—both our methods of fighting and the conditions we fight under."

Although none of us has been in Europe, we have a pretty good picture of the fighting there from magazines, theater newspapers, newsreels and broadcasts. Almost every day we find more similarities in this Burma war.

A year ago, Chinese and American forces began their drive into Burma, and Gen. Joe Stilwell declared they wouldn't stop until they'd reopened the road to China. In those early days the fighting took place along narrow jungle paths, up and down tortuous mountain slopes and across hundreds of rivers and streams. The places they captured, with tongue-twisting names like Shingbwiyang, Taihpa Ga and Yupbang, were just tiny native villages that contained a dozen or so thatched *bashas* and had been turned into dug-in perimeters by the Japs. The fighting was done mostly with small arms and light mortars. It was jungle warfare at its simplest.

At Maingkwan, where the Chinese came out of the hills onto a grassy plain, light General Stuart tanks first went into action and artillery batteries began to boom out barrages. But farther south, the jungle closed in again around Walawbum, where Merrill's Marauders turned up with advanced jungle-fighting tactics tested by Wingate's Chindits and also in Pacific combat.

Advancing from the Hukawng Valley down into the Mogaung Valley, the Chinese and the Marauders kept on fighting the Japs in thick jungle. They were fighting for tiny villages that meant nothing in themselves but were important as mileposts along the narrow dirt road that would wind up hundreds of miles away in China.

At Inkangahtawng the Chinese and Americans came out into open country again. After Chinese artillery threw phosphorous shells into 12-foot-high elephant grass to burn it down, the first General Sherman tanks rumbled into battle, manned by both Chinese and American crews.

Meanwhile Merrill's Marauders climbed a range of mountains 6,000 feet high and sneaked southeast into the Sumprabum Valley, leading Chinese columns in the surprise capture of Myitkyina airfield. There gliders and transports rushed in more troops, and the battle for the city of Myitkyina began. From then on, the war in Burma became much more like the war in Europe and less like the war in New Guinea.

MYITKYINA, the third city in northern Burma, contained wood-frame and stone buildings, a railroad station, a hospital, a movie theater and warehouses. It was surrounded by flat, open country—as flat as Normandy. Jungle-fighting tactics were useless in most sectors of the city, under siege for 78 days. The Chinese and Americans hauled out their bazookas to blast down buildings. They fought from street corner to street corner, from house to house. The place became the Cassino of Burma—a fiercely defended city that had to be reduced to rubble by artillery barrages and daily dive-bombing attacks. Myitkyina was finally taken, in the middle of the monsoon season, by infantrymen who waded through waist-high flooded areas and slogged through knee-deep mud.

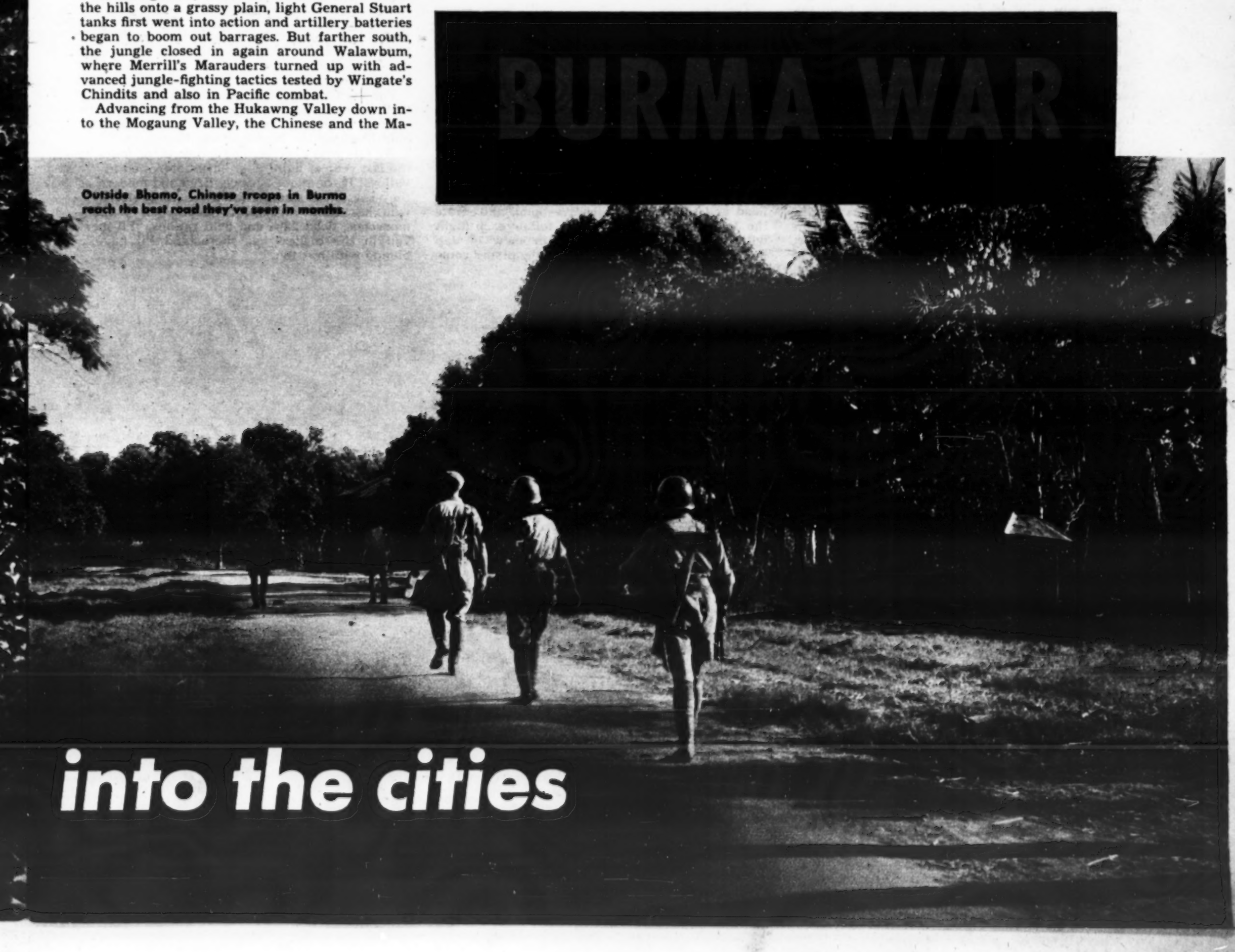
Today, as far as the terrain and type of fighting go, we are finding Bhamo another Myitkyina. We walked down the main road from the north, covering the last 30 miles into the city's outskirts. In several sections we came across land mines, as slickly dug in as if Nazis had put them there.

BHAMO is next to Lashio as northern Burma's largest city. Its peacetime population was something like 8,000. Lying 114 miles south of Myitkyina, it was an important port on the Irrawaddy River and a vital base for Burma Road convoys before the war. It is more compact than sprawling Myitkyina. Before the 38th Chinese Division encircled the city, Bhamo was well stocked with ammunition and food by the Japs, who show no signs of any early collapse.

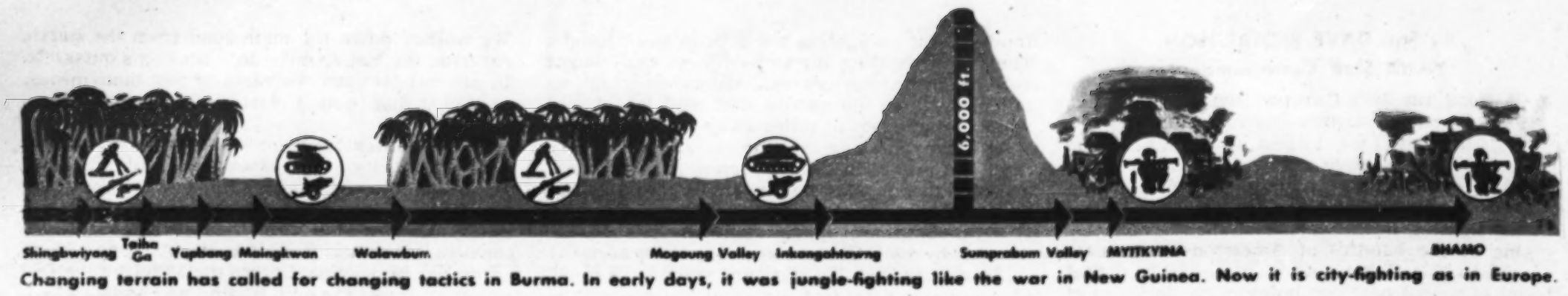
A tar-surfaced, two-lane highway, the finest road we have seen in the whole of northern Burma, brought us through the surrounding villages that are like suburbs to a city. Here we found not crude thatched huts but big solid homes and buildings, some of them two stories high. Most of them had hinged doors and windows, and some had corrugated tin roofs and modern furniture.

The people turned out to greet us almost as eagerly as we had heard they did in France and Italy. One beautiful Burmese girl even ran up and kissed the pilot of the first plane to land at a newly constructed evacuation airstrip. The welcome has not worn out. The villagers still invite both Chinese and American soldiers into their homes for chow. All of us carry on a brisk trade with the local people for things to eat, and you're not surprised to see Chinese soldiers coming out of a village with chickens, eggs, fish or water-buffalo meat. A few of the GIs in an Air Support ground team stop in with me for a cup of rich Burma coffee and a chat with the citizens almost every day.

These are more cultured people than the primitive Kachins we met from time to time in the hill



Outside Bhamo, Chinese troops in Burma reach the best road they've seen in months.



Changing terrain has called for changing tactics in Burma. In early days, it was jungle-fighting like the war in New Guinea. Now it is city-fighting as in Europe.

country last spring. There are Indians and Burmese and Karens and Anglos. Most of them can read and write and a good number speak English.

Even the weather nowadays reminds us of America and Europe rather than the tropics. Around this time of year the climate here is brisk and bracing, just like autumn back home. The nights are so cool that we throw on sweaters and field jackets, and need extra blankets. On Thanksgiving Day, as we ate canned chicken and other holiday delicacies dropped to us by transport planes, one GI remarked: "What a day for a football game! Just like back in Springfield, Ohio."

There are hedgerows around Bhamo, just as there were hedgerows in Normandy. The countryside is open, dotted here and there with patches of woods, gardens, houses, ponds and streams. Although there's only the one tar highway, most of the other roads are gravel and in good condition. On the way to the front, you pass wrecked Chevrolet trucks, captured by the Japs when they took Bhamo 2½ years ago, and stone houses in ruins, like the houses you see in pictures from France and Italy.

We haven't seen any Jap tanks so far, however. A few nights ago, around midnight, there was a lot of firing—everything from machine guns and mortars to bazookas and artillery. After it was over, a Chinese officer near our bivouac area got a phone call and, after much excited talk, hung up and came over to us with a grin. "Big tank battle," he said. "Japs counterattacked with 10 tanks. We knocked out two."

Next morning I went up to the battle scene expecting to photograph the Jap tanks. Arriving at the forward outpost of the area, we were greeted by two machine gunners who grinned sheepishly. Neither could speak English very well, but one said, "*Mao* tanks," which means "There weren't any tanks." He pointed to a spot about 75 yards from his emplacement. There in the morning sun sat two big yellow tractors. On the front of each in black letters were the words: "CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILL." Captured at an AVG airfield when the Japs invaded Burma, the tractors had been used to spearhead the counterattack, evidently in the hope that the Chinese would run in terror at their sound.

Despite the absence of tanks, there are plenty of weapons around here that make the fighting more like that in Europe than the early days in Burma. The Chinese pour in barrages of 75-mm fire from all sides of the city. They hammer away all day and night with their 60- and 81-mm mortars, and lay in a few well-placed 4.2-inch mortar shells every once in a while. They are better equipped than ever with automatic weapons.

Always firm believers in digging deep when they capture ground, the Chinese have constructed an elaborate network of trenches, parapets, pillboxes and emplacements around Bhamo. Their strategy is to pulverize an area with artillery and mortar fire, then send in the infantry to mop it up, instead of risking heavy casualties attacking strong defenses. To us impatient GIs, who like to get the worst over with quickly, this methodical strategy is too slow. But sooner or later it gets the traditionally patient Chinese where they want to go. And after seven years of war, a few days one way or the other in capturing a place doesn't worry the Chinese.

The Japs meet this strategy with fierce counterattacks. About every other morning around 0500, they stage one of these attacks, rushing in with bayonets and battle cries. The Chinese meet each attack with heavy fingers on their Bren and machine-gun triggers, fanning the front with long bursts of tracers until the remaining Japs go back to their holes. Occasionally individual Japs get up to the Chinese positions before they die and bayonet or grenade a few Chinese, but they never seem to learn that trying to take ground against such deep positions and superior firepower is useless.

In the daytime P-47 Thunderbolts roar overhead and scream down to dive-bomb and strafe the Jap positions. The Chinese follow each flight with glee, standing up in plain view of Jap bunkers 100 yards away to watch the planes come down, then laughing and pointing as the bombs explode. In the daytime the Japs do little rifle or machine-gun firing. They just hammer away with a 70-mm dual-purpose antiaircraft gun—the equivalent of the Nazi 88-mm—that the GIs around here have nicknamed the "Whiz Bang." That's what it sounds like, for its great muzzle velocity and low trajectory cause the shells to explode behind our lines almost immediately after we hear its muzzle blast, instead of several seconds afterward.

For observers and photographers, this Bhamo siege has been ideal. All through last year's jungle warfare, they griped at their limited view from most points during a battle. Here, however, there are OPs from which the view is as good as it must be in the hills of Italy. From one of these, a mound of earth covering a big gasoline storage tank, I could see half the buildings in the city. From others we can easily locate Jap bunkers across the fields and sometimes even see Japs running from place to place every once in a while. As a result, all the shelling and bombing is being directed with an accuracy seldom seen before in the Burma campaign.

While the siege of Bhamo goes on, other Chinese columns are pushing south toward the well-populated Shweli River Valley. There we will probably find even more similarities to the big-time war in Germany, for through the valley runs the Burma Road, dotted with prosperous built-up communities.

For the Chinese, the battles in this valley may well become the most important in their modern history, because it is the last Japanese stronghold blocking the land route to China.

We GIs who have walked hundreds of miles in the last year of fighting are also interested in the valley. "If the place is as civilized and modern as they say it is," said an American radio operator who has been through 11 months of jungles, monsoons, dead Japs and field rations, "I'll meet you in the biggest bar there, and I'll have a blonde with me, too."

This American tractor first served on an AVG airfield in Burma. Japs captured it and in one night battle succeeded in making the Chinese think it was a tank.

The rifles this smiling Chinese soldier carries illustrate a short-cut in Burma military supply. Originally, they belonged to Japs. Now the Japs are dead!

SOUVENIR SAVVY

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU IF IT'S LOADED OR LOOTED.

THIS SOLDIER'S FRESHLY COLLECTED PACIFIC SOUVENIRS ARE LEGIT.

YANK Washington Bureau

FIVE kids were playing with a bazooka shell in a basement apartment in the Bronx, N. Y.

The shell had been given to 11-year-old Vincent Lennon by his uncle, an MP who had come back from Africa with a load of German prisoners. Vincent had played with the shell many times because his uncle had assured his mother that it was harmless.

This time Vincent wasn't lucky. The explosion was heard four blocks away. The five kids were taken to the hospital, where Vincent, the most seriously hurt, had to have both legs amputated.

An Army Ordnance officer who made a check-up told reporters it might have been worse. He said the powder had been removed from the shell before it exploded and only the detonator cap had gone off.

After the story appeared in the New York papers the next day, police cars roamed the city picking up other lethal mantel decorations no longer desired by frightened families. Their haul for the day was four bazooka shells, five booby traps with firing pins intact, one live grenade and a variety of small-arms ammunition ranging up to .50-caliber machine-gun slugs.

The Army isn't too surprised when a casualty like Vincent Lennon happens. It knows the American GI is the biggest souvenir hunter in the world. That's okay with the Army, which in fact encourages hunting for some kinds of souvenirs. But it would be nice, the Army thinks, if collectors would use their heads and learn the regulations.

In case you didn't know, the War Department thinks souvenir hunting is not a violation of Article of War 79, which prohibits plundering. The War Department calls souvenirs "war trophies." *WD Circular 353, 1944,* describes the proper procedure for sending and bringing souvenirs home —the right kind of souvenirs.

An important thing for GI souvenir hunters to remember is that all the stuff sent home has to go through the Customs officials. To get a souvenir through, the GI must first obtain a certificate in duplicate signed by a superior officer saying the trophies are okay to send.

If you forget to get the certificate, you are just going to snarl yourself in all sorts of red tape. Even though you may have sent a legitimate souvenir, the Customs, lacking a certificate, will confiscate the trophy and send it to an Ordnance depot or a QM depot. If the Army can use it, the trophy will be sent on from the depot to troops for training purposes.

Meantime the Customs will send a confiscation notice to the person to whom the package was addressed. If that person writes you that the trophy was confiscated, you can go to a superior officer and try to get a certificate. He'll give it to you if you can alibi well enough as to why you didn't get one in the first place. Then you can send the certificate to the Customs, which will write the Army, and if the item can still be located, it may finally arrive where it was intended. That means time and trouble for you, the addressee, the Customs and the Army.

The Customs officials and the Postal authorities, of course, have their own regulations about what they will let come into the country or go through the mails. Federal laws prohibit mailing firearms that can be hidden on the person. That means you can't send pistols or burp guns. The law also prohibits private citizens from owning machine guns. And a wise guy can't get around this law by sending a few parts of a machine gun or pistol through the mails at one time and a few more at another. Gun parts will be confiscated, too. So even if an officer did slip up and give a certificate to pass such items, they couldn't be mailed.

If you bring a pistol home yourself, however, that's okay. So is a rifle. If you make enough trips, you can turn your home into a fortress, as long as you stay away from machine guns. But you'll have to make a lot of trips, because the limit on personal belongings and souvenirs you can bring at one time is 25 pounds. And, remember, you have to get a certificate to carry something home as well as to send it. And you have to get the certificate before you step on the boat.

BESIDES Federal laws controlling what a GI can appropriate as a war trophy, international law also has something to say. The Geneva Convention, for example, says that prisoners of war shall be allowed to retain objects of personal use, excepting arms, and that identification documents, insignia of rank and decorations may not be taken from prisoners. It's all right to have these things as souvenirs, but don't take them away from any prisoners. It's against international law, too, to take them from enemy dead. But if you pick them up on a battlefield, or if you find a PW who wants to trade his medals for a pack of cigarettes, that's okay.

One thing that will really get you in serious trouble is "an item which in itself is evidence of disrespectful treatment of enemy dead." Just forget that promise to send the kid brother the jawbone of a Jap.

The Army, too, has its rules about legitimate war trophies. Explosives and ammunition are not legitimate. The story of Vincent Lennon is one reason why. But it isn't only danger to civilians back home that worries the War Department. A live shell in transit might get jostled, explode and wreck a plane or cause a lot of damage to a ship.

Theoretically you can send back ammo that is "dead," but the War Department frowns on your trying. It's hard for anyone but an ordnance expert to tell whether a shell is really dead, and the Army doesn't want amateurs killed trying to render the stuff harmless.

Anything that is worth more to the Army for Intelligence or training or scrap purposes is not fair game for souvenir hunters. The theater commander determines what the Army's needs are and informs Intelligence officers in all echelons. Your CO will not give you a certificate for any such item.

Many things are worth more to Military Intelligence than they are to your wife as a living-room decoration. To get them, all the technical services, such as Ordnance and Chemical Warfare, have their own professional souvenir hunters out in every theater picking up enemy equipment, from bullets to tanks, to send to the States for study.

Items of potential Intelligence value are small arms and ammunition, machine guns and grenade discharges, signal equipment including radio parts, aircraft equipment, chemical-warfare equipment, optical and fire-control instruments, documents, maps and photographs.

The Army needs enemy equipment for several reasons. When it gets a new enemy item, it can develop effective counterweapons and countertactics. From analysis of materials in the weapons and equipment, it can figure out the state of the enemy's war resources. Captured weapons show the trend of enemy ordnance. They are used in developing manuals for training our men how to use enemy stuff they capture in a battle. Finally, the Army may be able to adopt any new ideas the enemy gets. For example, when Ordnance first got hold of the German MG 42, with 98 percent of its parts made of stampings and requiring very little machining, it picked up some pointers for American machine-gun makers.

BUT the Army definitely does not need or want everything the enemy leaves around on the field of battle. Any Samurai sword you pick up you are more than welcome to. Knives, flags, decorations, officer-of-the-day sashes, uniforms and helmets are all fine. Where no local shortage of the model exists, you can grab rifles and carbines, and mail or bring them home. If you bring home pistols, you'd better consult your state laws to see if they should be registered. And watch out for booby traps when you go souveniring.

One last tip. Don't think you can get around postal restrictions by insuring a package. Army Intelligence authorities had quite a time with one soldier's wife. The GI picked up a live German incendiary bomb in England and mailed it home, insuring it for $150. When the bomb was confiscated, the wife wrote the Government a very sharp note. She said she wanted the bomb, or the $150, or else. She got else.

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After the surrender: Gen. Dunckern turns his back. Nazi Col. Meyer, Metz military commander, snubs him.

Capturing a Gestapo General

Organizing Metz for siege was a tough job and the Nazis chose a hard man to do it, but American troops entering the city found the big shot hiding in a brewery.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 5TH DIVISION AT METZ—The fat Nazi who crawled out from behind a beer barrel in the saloon in Metz to surrender to soldiers of Company E of the 10th Regiment didn't look very impressive. The men who took him knew he was an officer but they didn't know just what kind, and they really didn't care much.

He turned out to be Maj. Gen. Anton Dunckern, police president of Metz and Gestapo commander for Alsace-Lorraine. He's the first big Gestapo man we've taken; he ranks close to Himmler and is one of the prize catches of the war.

Dunckern had been the key man in a key situation. Metz was a strongpoint in the Nazi defense system. In the first week of September, great numbers of German soldiers abandoned the city in panic, leaving the garrison below strength and many big fort guns unmanned. In this emergency, Dunckern appeared. He took up quarters at No. 10 Rue Aux Ours, a chateau in the town, and established his headquarters in a Gestapo building not far from Goeringstrasse, which has since been renamed Avenue Foch.

From the beginning, Dunckern never varied from the SOP for Nazi police commanders in the movies. He organized the defenses of Metz and his own social activities at the same time, while on the side he added several pieces to his art collection. Captured Germans referred to him as "the pillaging Gestapo man."

Dunckern also fancied himself as a connoisseur of wine and women, the French in Metz say with the faint contempt of people who have always found the German style in these matters distinctly minor league.

A beautician in Metz described Dunckern as an ugly man. "Very hard on the men," she said, "but very gallant with the ladies." She once had to wait in his office while he finished a phone call, and the general, with a great deal of satisfaction, kept talking about the big time he had had the night before. It was, the beautician felt, partly for her benefit. She had a reason for coming to see him; she was being forced to go to work in Germany. She was pretty and chic and she didn't go to Germany.

But while Dunckern attended to his pleasures, he did not forget the main business at hand—organizing the defenses of the town. Already American guns were pounding in nearby Gravelotte, and they could be heard all over town.

Dunckern reorganized the Metz command, grown slack after four years, and sent the *SS* chief back to Germany under arrest.

Then he called the trade associations together to hear their suggestions for organizing labor in the defense of the town. He put into effect a plan of his own, however. What Dunckern did was to open the movies, closed for some time. Naturally everybody flocked to them. Halfway through the show the lights went on. One of Dunckern's men stepped onto the stage, told all the men to sit on one side of the theater and the women on the other. Then the men were marched out to the huge Bayern barracks. It was the fastest induction on record.

MEANWHILE people were pouring into Metz from the countryside—frightened, homeless, cold. All the men were put to forced labor. The women and children sat on the curbs and cried; Dunckern promised to evacuate them to Germany, but when they went to the railroad station there were no locomotives.

Tension mounted in the semi-besieged city. Members of the FFI were hunted down more doggedly than ever before. In conservative old restaurants like the Moitrier, Dunckern held private conferences with his *gauleiters*.

Out of these conferences came another labor-trapping device—a card system. If you had a card you were exempt from labor such as digging trenches in the streets. The card system went through three color changes as American pressure tightened around Metz—red, green and yellow. Each was more stringent, with fewer exceptions than the preceding one. The last, the yellow card, was really hard to get. Citizens whose applications were rejected were then and there hustled off to work in labor battalions.

Getting people to work was hard enough, but the appeal for enlistments in the *Volkssturm*

(Home Guard) brought from the 80,000 population of Metz the grand total of 18 volunteers. Dunckern was fighting with every trick and threat he knew. He was losing, but his hard shell of toughness didn't crack.

A man in Metz who spoke too loudly in the wrong way to the wrong people had to face Dunckern across a desk. "Well, a real citizen of Lorraine, I see," said Dunckern. "Round-faced and curly haired. I promise you that you will not live more than three months and during that time you will enjoy a slow blood bath." The man was sent to a concentration camp, but he didn't stay three months. Eight days later the guards had run off, leaving only dogs to guard the prisoners, and the man escaped.

MEN of the 5th and 95th Divisions began their last relentless drive to capture the stronghold. Unexpectedly bypassing Fort Queleu, the 10th Regiment of the 5th Division entered Metz from the east side of the Seille River, which cuts the town in half. This maneuver left Dunckern and his garrison staff marooned on the west side, and cut off the main road of escape to Germany.

As the Americans prepared to cross the river to the west part of the town, Dunckern went down to the shore and waited while his men prepared a float. He hoped, under cover of the rain, to cross and slip through the street-by-street search the Americans were probably carrying on. But the float broke down and Dunckern retreated with 30 officers into his brewery hiding place, where the men of the 10th captured him.

When they brought him out into the rain he insisted on seeing an important officer before he would say anything, and he objected to standing around in the wet. "This fat little joe," said a soldier named Leonard O'Reilly, "was throwing off all this malarkey about getting wet and started to walk by himself over to the shed. We told him to stand still and he kept going, so we just slapped our rifles on him and he stopped."

Dunckern was dressed in the dark Gestapo uniform. He was spotless. And he was arrogant as hell. "He wanted to know who I was," said Harry Colburn, "and when I told him I was a lieutenant he didn't believe me. He looked me over for insignia. He looked like he could spit at me. We had to push him into line because he didn't want to go with the other prisoners. He acted like he was insulted being taken by a bunch of guys as ratty-looking as us."

Taken to the PW enclosure of the 10th Regiment, Dunckern still had not been spotted as a major general of the Gestapo. Maj. Edward Marsh finally realized he had something important. He went over to Sgt. Henry Tillinger and said: "I think we've got a Gestapo general." Tillinger was skeptical but he asked for Dunckern's paybook, and there it was.

Brig. Gen. Stafford (Red) Irwin, commander of the 5th Division, didn't care to see Dunckern, and he was passed down the line to the rear, together with Col. Constantine Meyer, who had been the German garrison commander in Metz and was now also a prisoner. An officer asked Dunckern if it were true that Gestapo commanders were not supposed to surrender. Col. Meyer leaned forward, waiting for the answer.

"They had a gun in my back," said Dunckern.

"Maybe you should have resisted them," the American officer said and walked out of the room.

This Week's Cover

THERE'S something next to adoration in the eyes of this Filipino lad as he sits on the knee of Pfc. Frank Hoppe of Chadron, Nebr. Hoppe had just done what many other GIs did—shared his rations with the civilians. When Mason Pawlak CPhoM made the picture, a fruit bar was being attacked.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Mason Pawlak CPhoM. 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 5—Pfc. George Burns. 6—Acme. 7—Upper, PA; lower, Signal Corps. 8—Upper, Philadelphia Record; center, U. S. Army. 10 &, 11—Pvt. George Aarons. 17—Photo Section, Philadelphia QM Depot. 18—Upper left, Signal Corps, Camp Forrest, Tenn.; upper right, Signal Corps, Camp Carson, Colo.; center right, Billings General Hospital, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. 19—Upper left, Alamagordo (N. Mex.) AAB; upper center, AAFTTC, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; lower left, Greenville (S. C.) AAB. 20—Sgt. Horst Horst. 21—Left, J. Walter Thompson; center, Steve Hannagan; right, Arthur G. Macauley. 23—Upper, Sgt. Ben Schnall; lower, AAF.

The captured Gestapo chief, Anton Dunckern, is taken out of Metz in a jeep. A raincoated GI guards him.

GIs move into Metz on foot and in trucks. Houses and nearby fields were shelled as Americans advanced.

GIs in Congress

A pfc and a corporal in the House, and a captain who served 50 days in the Senate, make the problems of veterans their big job.

Rep. Green shows his proud family the blue civilian suit he will wear from now on as a member of the 79th Congress.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—As soon as word got around Camp Lee, Va., that Pfc. William J. Green had been elected to the House of Representatives from his Philadelphia district and that he was out of the Army, hundreds of GIs in the camp came to see him.

"They all wanted the same thing," said Green. "They asked me to get them out of the Army. I said: 'How can I get you out, all by myself? It took 75,000 people to get *me* out.'"

Congressman Green—he was sworn in Jan. 3—isn't giving the GIs the brush-off, however. He had filed his intention to run for Congress before he was inducted into the Quartermaster Corps last March, but his Army life gave him a new outlook on the nation's problems.

"I understand," he said, "that there's discussion in Washington of legislation to make sure that a serviceman doesn't lose his seniority rights to his job while he's in the service and that will provide for accrual of seniority for the time spent in service. I'm for that.

"Another thing I'm going to study is the possibility of some sort of adjustment in pay for servicemen after they come out. These stories

Cpl. Price was on a detail, unloading apples, when the election news came.

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

CAMP LEE, VA.—On the night of last Nov. 7, while the voters of the 22d District of Illinois were electing him to Congress, Cpl. Charles Melvin Price of the Quartermaster Corps was on a detail here—unloading 390 bushels of apples from a truck.

"It was the biggest truck I ever saw," he said, "and even as a little boy I didn't like apples."

It wasn't until the next afternoon that Price found out he'd been elected. While he and his pals were whooping it up in the barracks, a grizzled first sergeant of nearly 20 years in the Army walked up to Price and said:

"Look, I've known you around here as a private, a pfc, a corporal and now a congressman. You've been in the Army 14 months and by now you should have learned how to take care of your feet. Just don't put one of 'em in your mouth."

Price believes that's the best advice he has had since he was elected. He plans to do an awful lot of listening and not too much talking in Congress. Even so, he will have his say any time anything comes up involving GIs.

In the Nov. 7 election, Price, who comes from East St. Louis, Ill., had the support of the Democratic Party and also of the Political Action Committee of the CIO. He defeated the Republican incumbent, Calvin D. Johnson, by about 83,000 to 80,000—Price doesn't remember the exact vote.

Two things Price wants to make clear: *1)* He is an internationalist; *2)* he is a New Dealer.

He believes in a world organization to maintain peace and believes that it should have authority to act "without having to bow and scrape

Sen. Jenner's first act was to propose a veterans' affairs bill.

By Sgt. RICHARD H. PAUL
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON — Elected to the U. S. Senate for only 50 days, William E. Jenner, Republican, from Bedford, Ind., might have slipped in and out of the Washington political scene without a splash, except for one significant fact. Holding a seat in the Senate for the last days of the 78th Congress, he was the first veteran of this war to get to Congress.

When Capt. Jenner was discharged from the Air Force last October because of an eye infection. he had served two years and four months in the Army, with six months in a base air depot in the Air Service Command in England. While he was still in an Army hospital at Mitchel Field, N. Y., friends nominated him without his knowledge to fill the unexpired Senate term of the late Sen. Frederick Van Nuys, who died Jan. 25, 1944. The seat, pending the general election of Nov. 7, had been occupied by Sen. Samuel Jackson appointed by Gov. H. F. Schricker.

Sen. Jenner, who is 36, and who had the active support of the Indiana American Legion,

about the big salaries people are making in war plants aren't entirely true, of course, because living costs have increased altogether out of proportion with wage increases, and taxes take a big chunk out of a man's pay. Still a serviceman is going to find when he gets out that the men who didn't get into service are ahead of him as far as money in the bank is concerned. I think something ought to be done about it, and I don't think mustering-out pay is enough."

GREEN is 35 years old, and that reminded him of something else: "I agree with Rep. Price (the other GI from Camp Lee elected to Congress) about the older men in the Army. If they don't get out ahead of the younger men, they're going to have it plenty tough when they go looking for jobs. After the last war, that was one of the great problems. Most businesses wouldn't hire a man who was over 35 because he was considered too old to start on a new job.

"And anyway, what good is a man in his late 30s to the Army? He can't keep up with the kids. I know that from my own experience in basic training. As soon as it's militarily possible, I think something should be done to get these men out of service and back into civilian life where they'll really do the country some good.

"Next to the problems of the veterans, the most important thing to me is the welfare of labor. I'm going into Congress with the intention of protecting the benefits that labor has won during the Roosevelt Administration, through the Wagner (National Labor Relations) Act and other legislation."

The new congressman from Philadelphia was elected from the Kensington district of that city, one of the most concentrated industrial sections in the U. S. He was born and brought up there. He married Mary Kelly, a Kensington girl, and they have four children: William J. III, 6½; Mary Elizabeth, 5½; Anne Theresa, 3½; and Michael Francis, 15 months. They live at 3309 G Street, in what the congressman calls "a regular old row house like most Philadelphia houses without any space between them."

Green began his political career as a watcher at the polls in the 1932 Presidential election. In those days he was still a student at St. Joseph's College, where he played in the backfield on the football team, forward on the basketball team and second base on the baseball team. (Five feet 8 inches, he now weighs 168—a little heavier than in his athletic days.) He started an insurance business and became active in politics a couple of years later. Selected Democratic leader of the 33d Ward, he held the position for seven years. He ran for the City Council in 1935 but lost that race by less than 2,000 votes.

Green was a candidate on the Democratic ticket and was supported by the Political Action Committee of the CIO and by the AFL. Under the law, he could take no part in his campaign. He had to stay in camp and make believe he knew nothing about what was going on. On Election Day, however, he was on pass and spent the day at home. He went back to camp, winner by 12,000 votes over his Republican opponent, C. Frederick Pracht, who had held office for only one term. Next day a GI reporter for the *Lee Traveler*, camp newspaper, came to the supply room where he was working and asked for Congressman Green, and then it went all over camp.

When he got out, Green had all the civilian clothes he needed except a hat. He bought one and now he leaves it home. "After having to wear a hat all the time," he said, "it feels good not to."

"There are a lot of things I can do for the people of my district," he said, "but I'm not going to represent only them. I'd like every GI in the country to think of me as his representative. I think a guy who drew KP twice in the first week he was in the Army knows some of the problems of the GI pretty well, don't you?"

and dot a million i's." He thinks the U. S. should participate in a world police force.

Concerning compulsory military training after the war, Price hasn't made up his mind. "I want to think about it some more," he said. "There is much to be said for compulsory military training, yet I don't want to do anything that might some day help set up in this country a military caste."

He believes—and will advocate in Congress—that income taxes which have accumulated against GIs should be waived. "There will be plenty hanging over the heads of these guys without them worrying about taxes," he said.

Price favors liberalizing the GI Bill of Rights by extending the educational benefits beyond the one year of schooling provided veterans over 25. "One year of schooling is simply a waste of Government funds," he said. "If a man wants to learn something, he should have a chance for complete training, regardless of his age."

Price also favors increasing the unemployment provisions of the Bill of Rights. "The present $20 a week is rock bottom—too much so," he said. "If a man needs this money, he is going to need more than $20 a week. Until I get to Washington and look into the matter at first hand, I won't know how high I think the payments should go."

One of the first matters Price plans to investigate when he reaches Washington is how the GI Bill of Rights is being administered—whether it is getting under way fast enough. He has heard complaints from discharged GIs and wants to get the low-down for himself.

About demobilization, Price had this to say: "The War Department has its military plans laid down far in advance. I wouldn't want to see anything done by Congress that might delay the hour of victory by a single second. What we all want, of course, is for the time to come when all men can be demobilized. Yet I do believe that once Germany is defeated—and this probably will be a long, painful process—the older men should get the edge in being discharged. It's going to be tougher on them to find work. Most of them have families; more responsibility to face faster."

Price said that, "if it doesn't mess up the War Department's plans," he would favor the demobilization after the defeat of Germany of all married men 33 or older with families. "There is no use in anyone fooling himself," he said. "Men of that age, particularly men with families, just aren't as good soldiers as the younger fellows. I have seen plenty of proof of that. Matter of fact, I'm proof myself."

Price believes that reports of friction between industry and labor have been exaggerated. "Labor has done a good job and so has industry," he said. "The production job proves that. I believe that in the future labor and industry will have to get along even better. They're going to have to set an example—an example for us in getting along with other nations in the post-war set-up. We're going to have to trust one another. Without trust, there will be no basis for anything—except more violence."

PRICE will be no stranger to Washington. From Mar. 4, 1933, to Jan. 3, 1943, he was secretary to Edwin M. Schaefer, Democratic congressman from the 22d Illinois District. When Schaefer retired in 1942, Price ran for the Democratic nomination in the primary without organization support. He lost by a close vote to a personal friend, Harry Odum, who lost in the general election to Calvin D. Johnson, the man Price defeated.

After his defeat in the primary, Price supported Odum and went to work on the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* as a reporter. On Oct. 28, 1943, he enlisted in the Army. "I was past the draft age," he said, "but I felt a little funny about being out of uniform and decided that I never would forgive myself if I didn't get into the Army. I would be the world's biggest liar if I didn't admit that many times I've been sorry."

In the spring of 1944, the Democratic leaders of the 22d Illinois District asked Price if he would be the party's candidate. He replied that he'd like to make the race but couldn't, under the law, campaign personally. The 22d District is made up of five counties—St. Clair, Madison, Monroe, Washington and Bond. The first two are mainly industrial, the others rural. Price trailed in the rural areas—as did the Democratic ticket—but carried the industrial sections decisively enough to be elected.

A balding bachelor of 40, Price is 5 feet 8 and weighs 165—20 pounds less than when he came into the Army. He went to grade and high school in East St. Louis and was an altar boy at St. Patrick's Cathedral there. Later he attended St. Louis University for two years.

Getting elected to Congress, Price insists, wasn't his biggest thrill. Neither was taking off ODs. It was covering the 1926 World Series as a kid sports writer on the East St. Louis *Journal* and seeing the Cards' old Grover Cleveland Alexander strike out the great Tony Lazerri of the Yanks. Last summer Price ran into Alex and Rogers Hornsby, and they wished him well in his race. And Price said: "What more can an old Cardinal fan want? Now I have to win."

has veterans' affairs close to his heart. Though tradition decrees that freshman senators should be seen but not heard until they have been in Congress a couple of years, Jenner wanted in his 50 days to make a speech introducing a bill on veterans' affairs. On Dec. 11 he did.

"It was while I was in a replacement control depot," Sen. Jenner says, "that I really got interested in jobs for veterans. I talked to a lot of men coming through and in discussion groups, and practically everyone was saying, 'When I get home, I'm going to get a job at Allison's,' or 'I'm going to start me a grocery store,' or 'I'm going to help Pop on the farm.' Jobs were the main thing everyone was interested in."

Sen. Jenner's bill proposed the establishment of local veterans' service offices in each state to facilitate the administration of existing laws granting rights, privileges and special considerations to veterans. "At least one of these services should be established in each county," he told the Senate.

"By aid to veterans, I mean, first, the furnishing of information to ex-servicemen and women and their beneficiaries and dependents relating to their benefits; second, providing help in making application for such benefits, and third, giving them aid and information with respect to reemployment, Government insurance, employment, education, vocational training, loans for homes, farms, and business, legal, financial and income-tax aid, social security and unemployment benefits and mustering-out pay.

"Under the plan presented in this bill, the Federal Government matches funds which the state governments provide for the administration of this law. In other words, it is a 50-50 financial proposition. Furthermore, the administration of the laws relating to veterans' rights and privileges is taken down not only to the state level but to the county level. Finally, each local board, staffed entirely by war veterans, both men and women, will be properly trained so it can adequately assist and advise ex-service people."

Sen. Jenner knew that his bill had little chance of passage before the end of the 78th Congress, and that it would die a natural death when the session ended, but he urged the senators to put some similar bill on "the very first order of business at the next session."

"The guys are tired of red tape and regimentation," he says. "They've done enough standing in line for chow and standing in line for mail. When a man from my home town has a pension problem, say, he doesn't want to have to go up to the Veterans' Administration in Indianapolis a couple of hundred miles away and stand in line."

Veterans of this war shouldn't set themselves up as a special class, according to the senator, but they should get "fair treatment from the government and a fair shake in industry."

HIS short term in the Senate over, Jenner has returned to Bedford, a city of 15,000 and the seat of Lawrence County. His wife and 3-year-old son waited for him there, figuring that Washington was too crowded and the term too short to make moving worthwhile. Though he has a farm there, Sen. Jenner intends to return to the private practice of general law, with no particular emphasis on veterans' matters. That doesn't mean he expects to retire from politics or veterans' affairs, though. He plans to work for passage of veterans' legislation in Indiana, including a bill like the one he introduced in Congress.

Naples Today

Sketch artists get plenty of GI customers. They will paint your favorite pin-up on V-mail blanks.

This butcher has no glass in his show window. His woman customer carries daily bread ration for two.

The Galleria is the Radio City of Naples. Glass roof is wrecked but crowds still gather at noon.

By Sgt. AUGUST LOEB
YANK Staff Correspondent

NAPLES—When the wind suddenly began to blow from the west last spring and the hot ashes of erupting Mount Vesuvius were driven away from the city, many Neapolitans looked upon this fortunate turn of events as a miracle performed by their patron saint, Januarius, and as a sign that life was going to be better for them.

The people of Naples still can't get *pizza* (a kind of cheese and tomato pie) with real *mozzarella* (cheese or macaroni with tomato sauce) or many of the other things that were plentiful before the war, but they are thankful that jobs can be had, that it is possible to buy food and no longer necessary to beg. They know that the Allied officials are taking steps to prevent a recurrence of the typhus epidemic of last winter, and they have learned to look on MYL and DDT with patience even if these delousing powders do make their hair look like hell.

The Neapolitans are looking forward to entertaining American tourists, all of whom they expect will be millionaires, with Vesuvius wines of 1946 vintage. It seems that the finest vintage years of *Lachrymae Christi* (Tears of Christ) wine come two years after the volcano blows its top and spreads its volcanic ash over the vineyards, fertilizing the soil.

The situation in Naples as far as the GIs are concerned hasn't changed much since last winter when they first came in. The bars in the *Galleria Umberto*, the great arcade that is the city's outstanding landmark for GIs, are still peddling the same evil swill that passes as cognac and vermouth. And prices in the souvenir shops of the *Galleria* are higher than ever.

The air-raid shelters of the city have been locked up and Neapolitans have thrown the keys away, although the city was at the head of the *Luftwaffe*'s target list only last spring. The one-time flossy water-front hotels are still the empty shells they were when the Nazis left. The four cable-car lines connecting the business and port district with the steep hills are running normally, and service has been restored on the six trolley lines. There is a great deal of auto traffic, and pedestrians jam the roadways, adding to the confusion and annoying the GI drivers.

The festivals that used to be an important feature of Naples life aren't held any more, but that doesn't mean there's a lack of entertainment. The opera season now lasts all year at the San Carlo and operas are also performed at the Politeama Theater. Thirty civilian movie houses are scattered about the town.

Steps are being taken to restore the city to its pre-war condition, and all over town the retaining walls put up as a protection against air raids are being torn down. The Bank of Naples now looks as grand as it did before the war, and clean-up squads have restored the Town Hall. Many buildings, of course, still have scars from fire and bombardment, but the heavy dust that used to fill the air is gradually disappearing.

As an important port, Naples is still under strict military discipline, even though the front is now 400 miles away, and the Italian Government has even less authority here than in some cities close to the actual fighting.

The population depends on the activities of the port for its living, since all of Naples' pre-war industries were destroyed and about 100,000 jobs were wiped out. But the Neapolitans aren't afraid to work with their hands. "We aren't a city of white-collar workers," they say proudly. They insist that Mussolini was never very popular with them and they point out that Il Duce built up the Port of Genoa at the expense of Naples to punish the Neapolitans for whistling at him (the Italian equivalent of the Bronx cheer) when he made a speech in the city in 1922 just before he and his Fascist mob took over power in Italy. They say he visited Naples only twice in his 20 years' dictatorship.

Most of the city's industries, converted to war needs as early as the war against Ethiopia, fell apart when the Germans seized the country, and before the Nazis took off they wrecked whatever was left. The Ilva steel plant, which once employed 5,000 persons, was wrecked, and so were the aircraft factories at Pomigliano.

Other sources of employment for the Neapolitans were the Navalmeccanica factories which provided 20,000 jobs; the torpedo plants at Baia, 7,500; the Ansaldo armament works at Pozzuoli, 6,500; Cotoniere Meridionale (textiles), 5,000; and smaller concerns making tires, jewelry and *pasta* (spaghetti, etc.). Virtually all these factories were destroyed by bombs or mines, or forced to close down for lack of materials.

Naples would be faced with a serious unemployment problem were it not for the expansion of the port. Expansion under Axis rule had been paralyzed since Axis naval operations were on too small a scale to justify further building. The Allies, with docks built over the hulls of toppled ships, have made this one of the world's busiest ports and the Neopolitans' chief source of income.

BY American standards, the wages at the port —ranging from 80 cents to $1.30 a day—are low. This is a higher scale than Neapolitans got before the war, but it doesn't work out very well in real wages. Italian civilians employed in Allied offices get salaries running as high as $4 a day for work classed as executive. The dock workers depend a great deal on the Allied soup and bread dished out to them once a day.

Merchants and service workers do a lot better, thanks to the runaway inflation that has come despite efforts to control prices. Domestic servants are doing better than they ever did; barbers have raised their prices fivefold; and even photographers' and artists' charges have increased greatly.

There's a flourishing black market in Naples and some big-time operators have made fortunes. There are also a lot of petty rackets. A ticket on the cable-car lines costs 1½ *lire*—a *lira* is pegged at 1 cent—but passengers pay two *lire* because there's no currency smaller than a one-*lira* note, and the ticket seller can't give change; he keeps the change, of course. Elevator rides cost one-fifth of a *lira*, so, in the rare moments when elevators run, the operator collects a *lira* from each passenger because he can't give change.

Cara vita (Italian for the high cost of living) invariably comes into every conversation, no matter how casual, because it's a real problem for the vast majority of Neapolitans. Bread and *pasta* are rationed and fairly cheap on the regular, or non-black, market. Each person, for instance, is allowed one-sixth of a pound of *pasta* and two-fifths of a pound of bread daily. Most people say the *pasta*—made of mixed flour —is good, even though it's not up to the pre-war standards, but there's plenty of bitching about the bread. It's brown instead of white and the racket boys have moved in on the baking industry. Consumers say the bread is poorly baked and that it's watered to make it weigh more. The regular price of bread is 2½ cents a pound; on the black market it costs 70 cents a pound.

Each person is allowed 25 grams of sugar a month—it amounts to about a tablespoonful—and Neapolitans bitch about this, too. They say it isn't enough, and besides, what they get is brown and wet. The regular price is 12½ cents a pound; on the black market it's $2.50 a pound. American food is issued to supplement the rationed Italian supply. One small can of vegetable stew and meat or luncheon pork and two-fifths of a gram of soup powder are issued once a month. Fresh meat can be bought only on the black market. Ordinary beef goes for $2 a pound, pork for $2.50 and ham—including the bone—at $4. Practically all of the steak supply goes to

Freed from the physical dangers of war, the city buckles down to work at its great port and fights against inflation without losing its gaiety.

black-market restaurants where it's sold to GIs for $4 to $5 a portion.

Neapolitans have lived so long under food shortages and inflated prices that they've accustomed themselves to some pretty weird substitutes. The common substitute for coffee is toasted barley, but this stuff now goes for a dollar a pound on the black market, so most Neapolitans either skip breakfast entirely or make out with a couple of chestnuts or an apple. Lunch is generally a soup made of potatoes, greens and a small dusting of GI soup powder. Dinner is either powdered-pea soup or a vegetable broth and boiled or roasted chestnuts. Chestnuts have become a staple food, but the price has gone as high as 30 cents a pound and it's still going up because the Allied troops like them and buy a lot from the vendors.

The black-market price of American cigarettes has doubled within a year; they're now 85 cents a pack. The *Via Roma* is full of sharpshooters who bid for butts and other PX rations. The kids who used to beg for *caramelli* (candy) now try to buy it. A bar of chocolate costs 50 to 75 cents, matches are grabbed up for 20 cents a box and chewing gum goes for a nickel a stick.

A civilian suit of *lanital*, a wool substitute made from milk, costs from $110 to $200, but Neapolitans say it dissolves when it's washed. Shoes that cost 40 *lire* before the war now are resoled for 250 *lire*. A cotton dress that sold for $2 now costs $35. A raincoat made of real rubber used to be $4; now a synthetic-rubber raincoat brings $65.

Rent is one of the few things not very much affected by the inflation. That's because the Fascists froze rentals a long time ago and the Allies continued the freeze when they came in. As a result, a family that paid $15 a month for an apartment with bath in the fashionable Vomero section still pays the same rent. Persons who fled to escape air raids have it tougher, however. Landlords can charge them whatever they please.

It's the poorer classes that are suffering most from the housing shortage caused by the air-raid destruction. In the poorer sections of town, people live 20 to a room in many cases.

NEAPOLITANS are enthusiastic mourners and the city is always full of people in mourning clothes. Widows under 40 wear their black clothes for two years; widows over 40 wear mourning, with a black veil down to their knees, for the rest of their lives unless they remarry, which seldom happens. Men wear mourning clothes for a year and so do children.

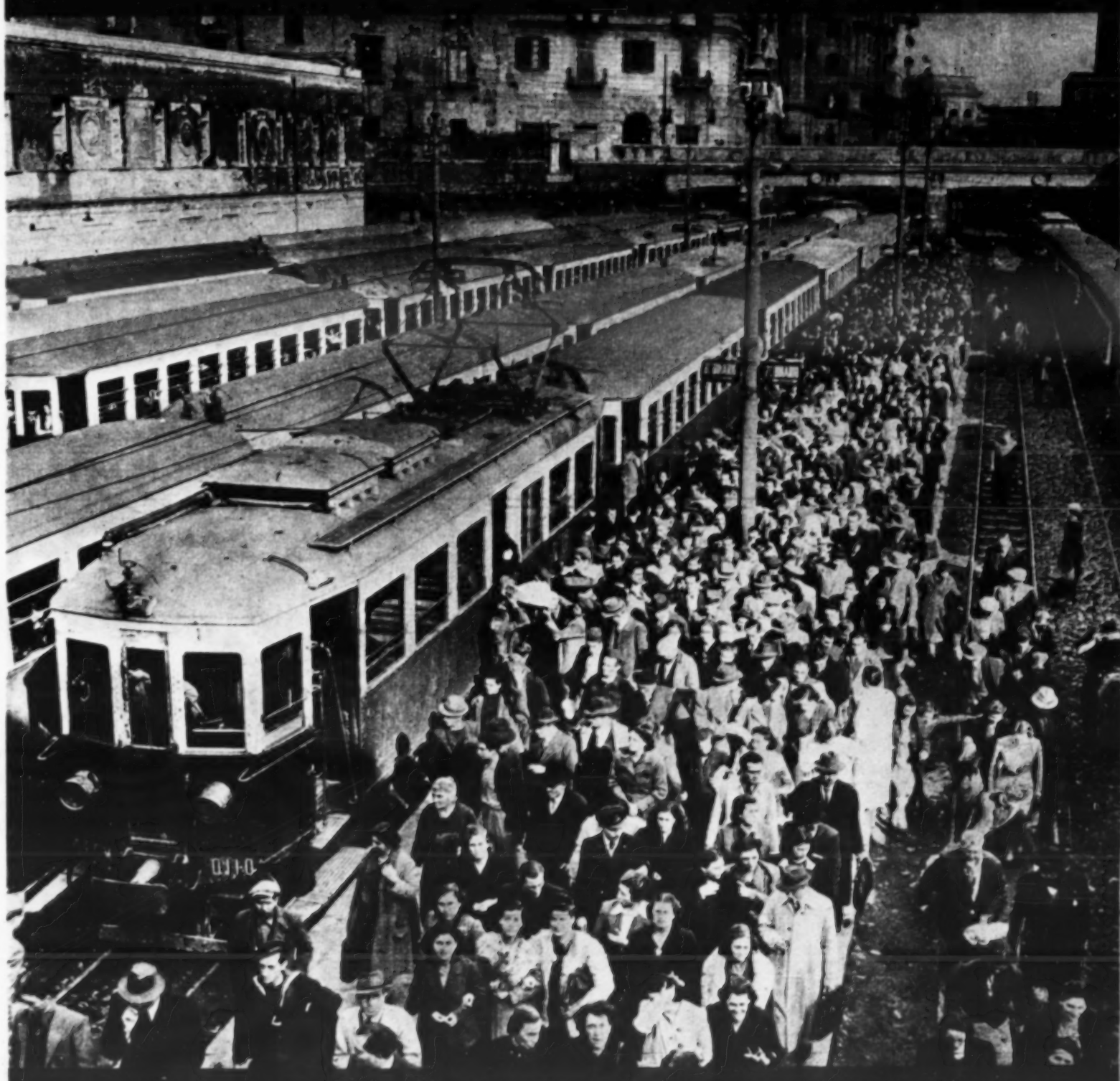
With the great festivals gone, the happiest days for Neapolitans are their *onomastici*, or saints' days. They celebrate the day of the saints after whom they are named rather than their own birthdays. Neapolitans—even the poorest—feast and exchange presents on their *onomastici*.

GIs who have been here a while soon become accustomed to the unrestrained behavior of the Neapolitans. The phrase "street songs" has real meaning in Naples. When a Neapolitan is happy he's quite apt to burst out into song and he doesn't give a damn even if it's noontime and he's in the busiest part of town.

The Neapolitans are safe from air raids and other hazards of war now, but they haven't forgotten the struggle. They're taking an avid interest in politics and they are impressed with the Allied policy of allowing freedom of expression in the newspapers. There is no pre-censorship and almost any point of view can get into print as long as it doesn't violate military security or interfere with the conduct of the war. The newspaper with the greatest circulation—70,000—is *La Voce*, mouthpiece of the left. The more conservative *Il Giornale* has 37,000 subscribers.

Naples today is not very pretty, like some of the other Italian cities that preserved their monuments and little else, but it has dignity. It has the dignity of a city whose people are not afraid to work hard for what they want.

When the Fascists were in power, Mussolini tried to improve traffic by banning jay walking on the Via Roma. Allies made the street one way, but pedestrians still rule the roost. They are a memorable driving hazard.



Metropolitan rush-hours in the U. S. have nothing on Naples. These civilians crowd out of an electric commuters' train just in from southern Italy. There are two classes—cushion-seat first and bare-bench third.

Berlin
Hamburg
Bremen
Hannover
Braunschweig
Magdeburg
Leipzig
Dresden
Rostock
Lübeck
Kiel
Helgoland
Bucht
Mecklenburger Bucht
Ostfriesische Inseln
Dortmund
Essen
Köln
Bonn
Wuppertal
Düsseldorf
Aachen
Bielefeld
Münster
Osnabrück
Oldenburg
Emden
Wilhelmshaven
Cuxhaven
Bremerhaven
Nordhorn
Lingen
Meppen
Leer
Aurich
Norden
Norderney
Borkum
Delmenhorst
Verden
Celle
Lüneburg
Uelzen
Salzgitter
Wolfsburg
Braunschweig
Goslar
Hildesheim
Göttingen
Kassel
Fulda
Marburg
Gießen
Wetzlar
Siegen
Olpe
Hagen
Remscheid
Solingen
Leverkusen
Mülheim
Duisburg
Krefeld
Mönchengladbach
Rheydt
Viersen
Geldern
Kleve
Emmerich
Wesel
Recklinghausen
Gelsenkirchen
Herne
Bochum
Hattingen
Witten
Iserlohn
Lüdenscheid
Gummersbach
Siegburg
Troisdorf
Bergisch Gladbach
Leverkusen
Wuppertal
Mettmann
Ratingen
Neuss
Grevenbroich
Jülich
Eschweiler
Stolberg
Düren
Euskirchen
Bad Godesberg
Bad Honnef
Linz
Neuwied
Koblenz
Andernach
Mayen
Daun
Prüm
Bitburg
Trier
Wittlich
Bernkastel
Cochem
Zell
Simmern
Bad Kreuznach
Idar-Oberstein
Birkenfeld
Baumholder
Kusel
Pirmasens
Zweibrücken
Landau
Bad Dürkheim
Neustadt
Speyer
Ludwigshafen
Mannheim
Heidelberg
Weinheim
Schwetzingen
Sinsheim
Eppingen
Bruchsal
Karlsruhe
Rastatt
Baden-Baden
Offenburg
Lahr
Kehl
Freudenstadt
Pforzheim
Calw
Nagold
Horb
Rottweil
Villingen
Schwenningen
Donaueschingen
Furtwangen
Triberg
Hornberg
Wolfach
Oberkirch
Offenburg
Achern
Bühl
Rastatt
Ettlingen
Karlsruhe
Bruchsal
Bretten
Maulbronn
Vaihingen
Ludwigsburg
Stuttgart
Esslingen
Göppingen
Geislingen
Ulm
Biberach
Ravensburg
Friedrichshafen
Lindau
Konstanz
Singen
Radolfzell
Überlingen
Meersburg
Tettnang
Leutkirch
Isny
Wangen
Memmingen
Kempten
Immenstadt
Oberstdorf
Sonthofen
Füssen
Schongau
Weilheim
Garmisch-Partenkirchen
Mittenwald
Bad Tölz
Wolfratshausen
Starnberg
Landsberg
Fürstenfeldbruck
Dachau
Freising
Erding
Ebersberg
Rosenheim
Traunstein
Berchtesgaden
Bad Reichenhall
Laufen
Altötting
Mühldorf
Wasserburg
Miesbach
Tegernsee
Bad Aibling
Prien
Kufstein
Kitzbühel
Zell am See
Saalfelden
Hallein
Salzburg
Bad Ischl
Gmunden
Vöcklabruck
Wels
Steyr
Linz
Enns
Amstetten
Melk
Krems
Zwettl
Gmünd
Waidhofen
Scheibbs
Mariazell
Bruck
Leoben
Judenburg
Knittelfeld
Zeltweg
Murau
Tamsweg
Radstadt
Schladming
Liezen
Bad Aussee
Hallstatt
Gmunden
Ischl
Mondsee
Salzburg
Hallein
Golling
Werfen
Bischofshofen
Zell am See
Kaprun
Mittersill
Neukirchen
Krimml
Lienz
Sillian
Innichen
Toblach
Bruneck
Brixen
Sterzing
Franzensfeste
Klausen
Waidbruck
Bozen
Meran
Schlanders
Mals
Reschenpass
Nauders
Landeck
Imst
Reutte
Füssen
Pfronten
Oberstdorf
Hindelang
Immenstadt
Sonthofen
Oberstaufen
Isny
Leutkirch
Wangen
Ravensburg
Weingarten
Bad Waldsee
Biberach
Ehingen
Riedlingen
Sigmaringen
Meßkirch
Pfullendorf
Überlingen
Salem
Markdorf
Friedrichshafen
Tettnang
Lindau
Bregenz
Dornbirn
Feldkirch
Bludenz
Arlberg
St. Anton
Zürs
Lech
Warth
Schröcken
Mittelberg
Hirschegg
Riezlern
Schoppernau
Damüls
Au
Schnepfau
Bezau
Mellau
Reuthe
Hohenems
Rheineck
Altstätten
Heerbrugg
Balgach
Diepoldsau
Rheinau
Lustenau
Dornbirn
Bregenz
Lindau
Konstanz
Kreuzlingen
Romanshorn
Arbon
Rorschach
St. Gallen
Herisau
Appenzell
Gais
Trogen
Speicher
Vögelinsegg
Teufen
Bühler
Gais
Altstätten
Rheineck
Walzenhausen
Lutzenberg
Heiden
Wolfhalden
Rehetobel
Wald
Trogen
Speicher
Vögelinsegg
Teufen
Bühler
Gais
Appenzell
Herisau
Waldstatt
Urnäsch
Schwellbrunn
Hundwil
Stein
Schönengrund
Schwägalp
Nesslau
Neu St. Johann
Wildhaus
Alt St. Johann
Unterwasser
Wildhaus
Buchs
Sargans
Mels
Walenstadt
Quinten
Amden
Weesen
Schänis
Kaltbrunn
Uznach
Rapperswil
Jona
Wetzikon
Pfäffikon
Hinwil
Bubikon
Rüti
Wald
Fischenthal
Bauma
Turbenthal
Wila
Sirnach
Wil
Uzwil
Flawil
Gossau
Herisau
Waldstatt
Urnäsch
Schwellbrunn
Hundwil
Stein
Schönengrund
Schwägalp
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Neu St. Johann
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Walenstadt
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Weesen
Schänis
Kaltbrunn
Uznach
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Jona
Wetzikon
Pfäffikon
Hinwil
Bubikon
Rüti
Wald
Fischenthal
Bauma
Turbenthal
Wila
Sirnach
Wil
Uzwil
Flawil
Gossau

WESTERN GERMANY

with international boundaries as of Sept. 1, 1939, the day Germany invaded Poland and, *in red*, boundaries as of Jan. 1, 1938, before Germany seized Austria and Czechoslovakia.

This is the western part of the 10-color MAP OF GERMANY AND ITS APPROACHES, distributed as a supplement to the National Geographic Magazine of July, 1944.

0 5 10 15 20 25 50 75 100 125 150
STATUTE MILES

Railroads TRUNK Highways SUPER Canals Mountain Passes Elevations and Depths in Feet +458

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MAIL CALL

Demobilization

Dear YANK:

Since the publication of the demobilization plan, many of us here—veterans of Italy and France—have done a lot of talking and thinking about the prerequisites for discharge from the Army. It seems to us that although the four conditions explained by the plan are all important and worthy of consideration, the most important element—the actual number of combat hours a man has on his service record—is completely overlooked.

A combat infantryman, not decorated for heroism and lucky enough to escape being wounded, who has taken part in every battle in Italy from Salerno to the present, has only one bronze service and battle star to show for his combat experience. This is the award on which his combat points are based.

On the other hand a Seventh Army clerk, male or female, working in a base section far from danger, has four by now—two for North Africa, one for Sicily, one for France. He (or she) may have landed more than a week after the beachhead was established and may never have seen a German soldier, but he (or she) still has a four-to-one combat priority for discharge over an infantryman who is in danger of losing life and limb 24 hours a day for months at a time and who must endure the misery of life in a foxhole.

Some progressive publication back home should enlighten the folks in the States. Let them know that it has been the same three or four divisions who have, until Normandy, done most of the fighting in Europe and who apparently are going to be rewarded for their efforts by being sent to the Pacific.

France —An Infantry Division Engineer

■ Recent battle honors have added another battle star for the Italian campaign covering the period from Jan. 22, 1944, to a final date to be announced later, and a number of battle stars for the battle of France. A GI who landed in Southern France between Aug. 15, 1944, and Sept. 14, 1944, would get at least one of these battle stars.

Post-War Promises

Dear YANK:

Pvt. Syd Berger was griping in a recent *Mail Call* about large corporations setting aside only promises for returning GIs and war workers. Has Pvt. Berger heard of the progressive Pacific Northwest and its Northwest Regional Planning Council? There is definitely more than mere promises in their minds.

I should also like to state what the firm I worked for is already doing—now. It is hiring scores of disabled second World War veterans to do health-building chores such as lawn maintenance, nursery work, landscaping, etc., until such time as they are strong enough to go back to their former positions.

There's a lot being planned and done for us that we don't hear about. The people at home are trusting us to do the fighting for them, and I'm sure it's safe to trust them to keep things humming back there for us.

Hawaii —Sgt. FRANCIS M. KUBOTA

Promotion From Heaven

Dear YANK:

As one who has been 17 months "permanent in grade" in the Fourth Service Command, I can answer the questions of Pfc. C. R. McManus, 30 months ditto in Hawaii, about where promotions come from. They come from heaven, like babies. I submit the 5th, 6th and 7th verses of the 75th Psalm:

5 Lift not up your horn on high: speak not with a stiff neck.

6 For promotion *cometh* neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south.

7 For God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another.

Wilmington, N. C. —2d Lt. HELEN L. MADDEN

Male Nurses

Dear YANK:

Why aren't male nurses recognized by the Army? There are hundreds of registered male nurses in the service who could be put to work in their rightful places and thus go a long way to relieve the nurse-shortage problem.

I don't claim we should get a commission. Just give us our rightful recognition as professional men who have received our degrees, as have our sister professionals.

Camp Barkley, Tex. —Pvt. EDGAR M. SEELEY

Commissioned Office Boys

Dear YANK:

I read an article recently in the Kansas City *Star* headed "OFFICE BOYS WITH HIGH RANK WORRY ABOUT POST-WAR FUTURE." It reported a speech by Brig. Gen. Julius Ochs Adler, saying that young officers holding high rank are going to find it tough to readjust themselves to little jobs and small incomes after the war and they are going to need help in this readjustment.

In regard to this, I ask what special provision did the Army make for those who had their own businesses? None. I, for one, had my own business and still have it, and I dare say my income came up to a lieutenant general's, but I am well into my fourth year of service, with 16 months of that overseas in North Africa, and now I just made pfc. (My old top kick was a former beer-truck driver.)

I say that if the man who holds high rank doesn't have the courage to face a civilian world, he should never have been an officer in the first place. It is with just such people, who held subordinate jobs in civil life and were suddenly elevated to such heights minus oxygen masks, that the average man usually has trouble. They don't know how to control themselves or the power vested in them. The officers who, on the other hand, did know how to use this power (I've run across a few of them and there is very little I wouldn't do for them) need not worry because, I'm sure, they will be able to adjust themselves.

As for the others, I myself am willing to employ any major or higher; all they need do is apply. I will issue each a new broom and $12 a week. We all know that Custer wasn't the only officer made by mistake. It's going to be rough for only those that made it rough, because God takes care of all his children.

Fort Riley, Kans. —(Name Withheld)

Combat Boots

Dear YANK:

What happened to the reinforced toes in the new combat boots? I miss the protection the old service shoes gave to my toes. In the month or so that I have had my combat boots, my toes have without a doubt taken more of a beating than they have had in the 20 months that I wore the standard service shoe. Many at this station feel as I do about the boots.

On several other counts I believe the new issue to be an improvement.

Somewhere Overseas —Pfc. EDWARD F. LARSON Jr.

Guarding the Ditch

Dear YANK:

... A lot of boys like myself have been down here guarding the Ditch quite a long time, in fact we believe too long. Why can't the Army send the married men with a string of dependents down here instead? We young single men feel we could do a lot more over in combat. . . . A lot of the married men I know don't want to see action, so Panama would be a good theater for them.

I know there must be other young single men in other theaters and not in action that would be awful glad to go and help out.

Panama —Pfc. H. R. DEUTSCH

Jim Crow in Texas

Dear YANK:

I have just returned from a 17-day delay to this field in Texas and I must readily admit the results of the trip through Texas leave me a very dejected soldier from the treatment I received while riding on the train from St. Louis, Mo., to Marfa, Tex., where I am now unfortunately stationed.

To make a long story short and simple, I was riding comfortably in the club-chair out of St. Louis (the conductor had ushered me to the seat) with a white soldier from New York until a conductor who got on in Deep Texas asked the MP if I'm a prisoner of war. Now, the ironical thing about it is that here I am in correct military uniform of the U.S. when this conductor asked the question. If I had been a prisoner of war I could have ridden in any part of the train I so desired, but since I am a Negro soldier I was forced to move up to the Jim Crow car.

YANK, you've been fair in your convictions, and I ask you how can we Negro soldiers fight and sacrifice our lives for something in which we are subdued at every time? Is that worth fighting for?

Marfa, Tex. —(Name Withheld)

Consolidated Air Force

Dear YANK:

After this war, one of the first things the Government should do is consolidate the Army and Navy air forces into one large air force, independent of both the War and Navy Departments. Army and Navy officers and enlisted men would be transferred to this consolidated air force. Their uniforms would differ entirely from the Army khaki and the Navy blues. A Secretary of Aviation should be added to the Presidential Cabinet, to be civilian head over this consolidated air force.

By merging the present Army and Navy air forces, we would be prepared to meet any emergency that might arise during peacetime, we would save billions of dollars and we would have flyers trained in both land and amphibious aircraft. These flyers could be used for military or naval protection wherever the occasion would arise for their need.

If we had one consolidated air force in 1941, instead of two independent air forces, our air force would have been so big that Japan would never have attacked us at Pearl Harbor.

Pueblo, Colo. —Cpl. GEORGE L. RESH

Sgt. Stoumen's Nightmares

Dear YANK:

You opened up and asked for a lot of criticism when you printed Sgt. Lou Stoumen's "Report From China." The section entitled, "What It's Like for China GIs," is about the saddest article you have ever published. Take a break and let us in on a few of the angles. Where do you find those dancing girls and the night clubs? Don't tell too many people, but just where in hell does Sgt. Lou Stoumen get his extra-potent *jingo-bao* juice? Let us know; we have a good market for it here. As a gentle hint, put Sgt. Stoumen on the wagon before he has any more nightmares.

China —M/Sgt. H. R. GAGNAN*

*Also signed by four others.

Navy Uniforms (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

Some sailor's letter appeared in your *Mail Call* recently which stated we wear the three stripes on our collars and the black neckerchief in memory of Adm. Nelson of the English Navy. I say he's wrong by a long shot. Our three stripes have no significance outside of ornamentation. Our black neckerchief is from the time the sailors of the sailing ships wore a cloth about the head and neck to protect them from the tar when tarring the rigging. If we wear the 13 buttons on the pants for the 13 original states then we might as well say the other navies copy us.

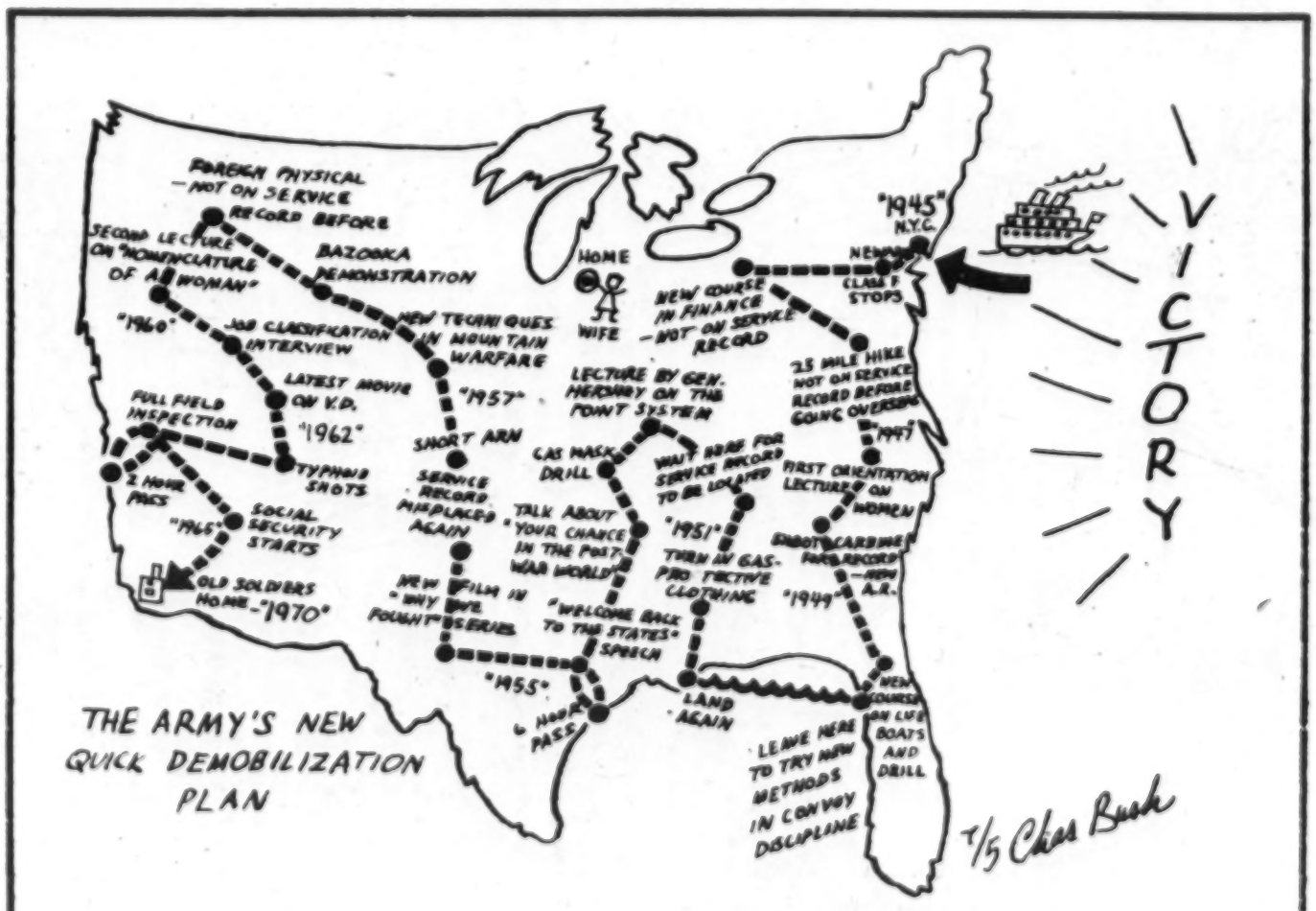
Bridgeport, Conn. —B. DALTON S2c, USCGR

Glad Sack

Dear YANK:

You mostly get gripes about different things from GIs. Well, here is a recommendation. That sleeping sack that Uncle Sam gave us back in England is a honey, especially here in Holland. The nights are plenty chilly here, but when you get a chance to sleep and you crawl into the sack right in your foxhole it's just as snug as a bug. I'm airborne artillery myself and we travel pretty light, but I'll throw out other stuff and carry that sack any ole time.

Holland —Pfc. LOUIS J. SOSA


FOREIGN PHYSICAL — NOT ON SERVICE RECORD BEFORE
SECOND LECTURE ON "NOMENCLATURE OF A WOMAN"
BAZOOKA DEMONSTRATION
HOME
WIFE
"1945" N.Y.C.
NEW YORK CLASS P STOPS
"1960"
JOB CLASSIFICATION INTERVIEW
NEW TECHNIQUES IN MOUNTAIN WARFARE
NEW COURSE IN FINANCE — NOT ON SERVICE RECORD
25 MILE HIKE NOT ON SERVICE RECORD BEFORE GOING OVERSEAS
"1997"
LECTURE BY GEN. HERSHEY ON THE POINT SYSTEM
LATEST MOVIE ON V.D.
"1962"
"1957"
FULL FIELD INSPECTION
SHORT ARM
GAS MASK DRILL
WAIT HERE FOR SERVICE RECORD TO BE LOCATED
FIRST ORIENTATION LECTURE ON WOMEN
2 HOUR PASS
TYPHOID SHOTS
SERVICE RECORD MISPLACED AGAIN
TALK ABOUT "YOUR CHANCE IN THE POST-WAR WORLD"
"1951"
"1965" SOCIAL SECURITY STARTS
TURN IN GAS-PROTECTIVE CLOTHING
SHOOT CARBINE FOR RECORD — NEW A.R.
"1949"
OLD SOLDIERS HOME - "1970"
NEW FILM IN "WHY WE FOUGHT" SERIES
"WELCOME BACK TO THE STATES" SPEECH
"1955"
6 HOUR PASS
LAND AGAIN
NEW COURSE ON LIFE BOATS AND DRILL
LEAVE HERE TO TRY NEW METHODS IN CONVOY DISCIPLINE
VICTORY
THE ARMY'S NEW QUICK DEMOBILIZATION PLAN
T/5 Chas Bush

Demobilization Chart

Dear YANK:

There's been a lot of talk about demobilization rules floating around these days and I got to doing some thinking, too. So, with malice toward none, here's a chart I have dreamed up about those United States that we all hope to be seeing again soon.

Britain —T-5 CHARLES L. BUSH

The Profile

Diagnosis by Sgt. AL HINE
X-Rays by Sgt. RALPH STEIN

CIVILIANS have fads like zoot suits and point rationing; the Army, year in, year out, sticks to the view that for good clean fun nothing can beat the medical examination.

You get your first taste of the medical examination before you even put on a uniform, when the happy doctors of recruiting center or draft-board headquarters go over your shaking body with a broad-toothed comb and pronounce you 1-A. If you are ignorant, you think this closes your medical history in the Army. Nothing could be further from the truth.

You find that next to fatigue details, medical examinations—from shrilly whistled surprise inspections at 0400 hours of a cold morning to cursory shake-downs that accompany every change of station, rank and service—take up more of your time than anything else. The latest fad in the U. S. is the Profile Examination, otherwise known as "Why Aren't You Overseas?"

The Profile Examination is executed with the whirlwind speed of a Lindy Hop finalist in the Harvest Moon Ball and decides irrevocably whether or not a man will be able to stand the gaff of moving from a Punxsutawney (Pa.) recruiting office to a foxhole on an overseas front. It breaks down into the following categories.

THE EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT MAN

This pursy little chap is obviously annoyed at having to see you at all. He operates with a battery of lights and a number of tongs. He flashes the lights at your eyes and, while you blink, inserts one of the tongs in your right ear and another in your left nostril. Giving each a sharp wrench, he scrawls on his chart "20/20, sinusitis, palsy" and shouts: "Go to the next section!"

"Come in, corporal, you seem well adjusted."

He listens to your heart and gives a long, low whistle. He takes your blood pressure and gives a longer, lower whistle. He takes your pulse and pales visibly. "Keep the line moving," he says, and you stagger on your way.

THE PSYCHIATRIC MAN

He asks you, with a wink, how you are with women. If you say "Fine," he sneers. If you say, "Not so good," he sneers. Whatever you say, he sneers, marks "Manic Depressive" on your card and passes you on to the next expert.

THE PRIVATES' MAN

This one deals with everything below the waist. He looks once to see if you have flat feet, then begins a pincer campaign on all that you hold dear. He prods and you cough. The quickest way to deal with him is to cough in his face. This makes him mad and he sends you about your business. If you cough away from him he will continue prodding indefinitely, whispering the while in a low, mean voice to a doctor friend who has dropped in to see the freaks.

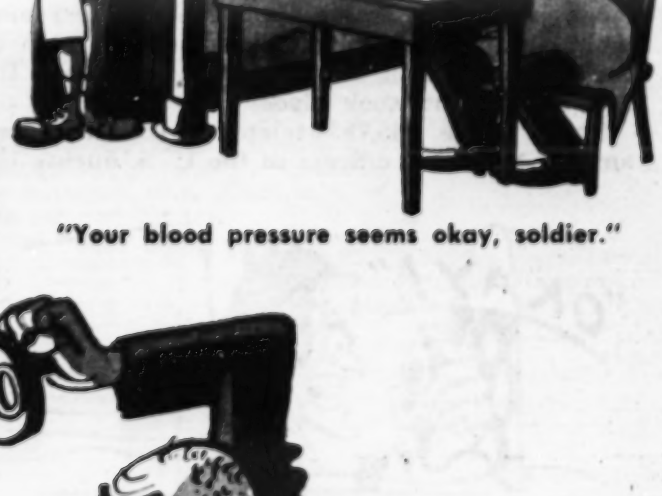
THE SCOREKEEPER

He adds up everything that everyone else has written down on your card. He looks at the total and shakes his head and adds everything up again. The total is the same. He continues to shake his head and makes you turn around a few times. Then he says, "I guess you're all right, soldier."

You put your clothes on and go back to barracks and start sending post cards to all your relatives, friends, heirs and assigns.

"Hmmm. Fallen arches."

"Your blood pressure seems okay, soldier."



"Did you sign a statement of charges for that bugle?"

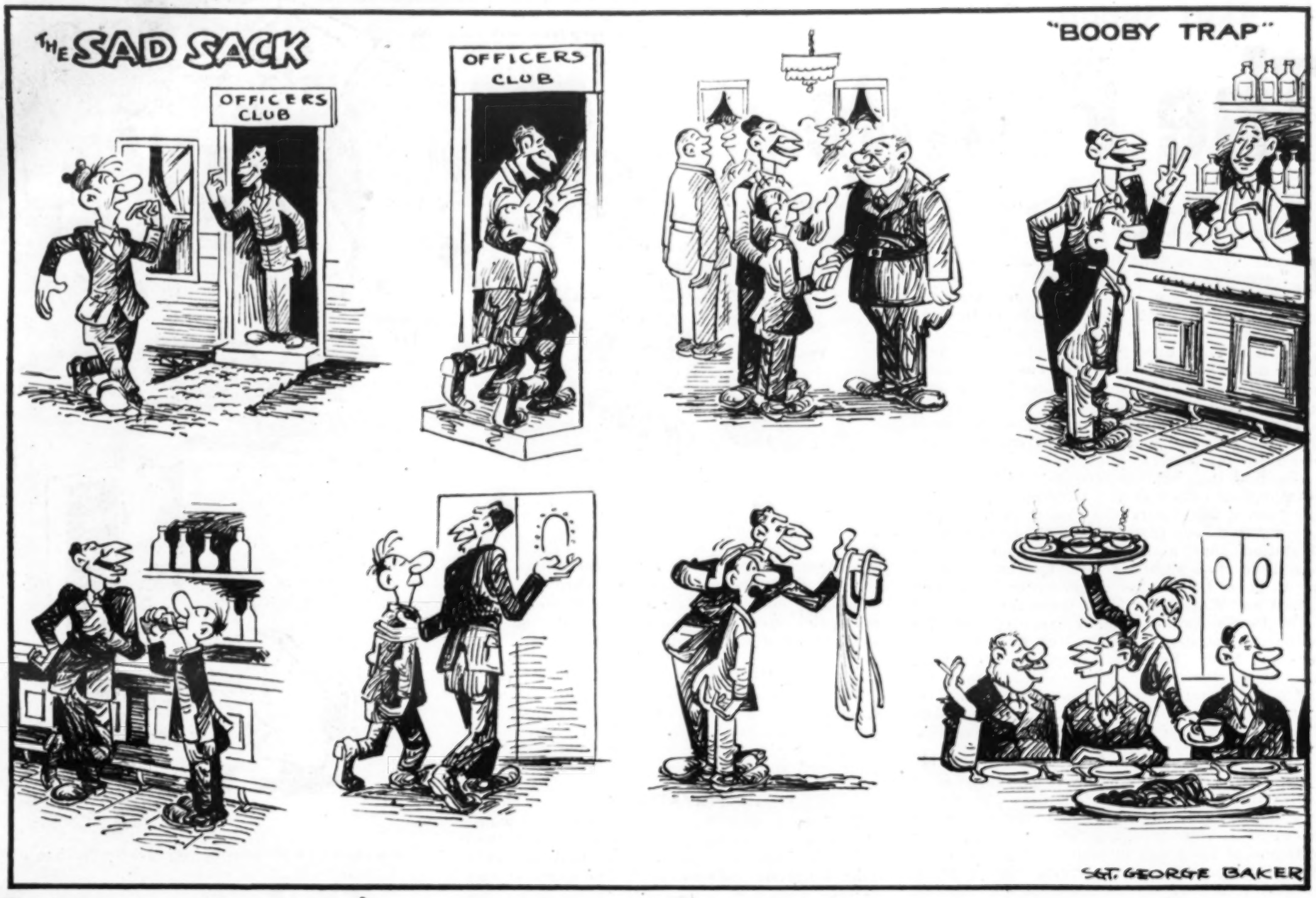
THE TOOTH MAN

The Tooth Man, or Dentist, is in the next section with a card in front of him. The card has little squares, each one of which indicates a tooth you ought to have but probably don't. He is very angry as it is almost his lunch hour, and he has a date with an old girl from Butte named Hilda von Houlihan whose husband may be able to get him some hot bridgework on the black market. He slashes a vicious X in each of the squares, writes "Gingivitis" at the bottom of the card and passes you on to the next booth.

THE HEART AND BODY-BEAUTIFUL MAN

He is in the next booth and his territory is everything below the neck and above the waist.

"Anyphysicaldefectsyawannatellusabout?"



According to Plan

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

THE ALEUTIANS—My combined chiefs of staff, aided by chaplain's helpers all over the world, have just submitted their weekly report. The week just ended was a typical one. Everything went according to plan, or as near to plan as things ever get in the Army. For example, the following events took place:

There were 245,783 telephone conversations among Air Force officers in the U. S. during the

week. Eighty-seven percent of these conversations ended with the word "Roger!" spoken by one or both parties. The 13 percent who did not say "Roger!" were flying personnel.

At a camp near Kinston, N. C., a first sergeant decided it might be a cute idea to put real Army dog tags on the outfit's mascot. All the orderly room clerks agreed that the first sergeant's idea was a swell one. They went over to post personnel and had some dog tags made up, with a serial number and everything, and fastened them around the dog's neck. This same thing happened in 1,839 other camps last week.

There were 3,023 directives issued during the week, in the States and overseas, saying: "It has come to the attention of this command that military courtesy and discipline on this post have become very lax. Therefore . . ."

About 485 majors, at various rear-echelon overseas posts, were given the job of decorating the interior of the general's new quarters. The 485 majors called in 485 corporals. "Corporal," they all said, "I understand you know something about art. I want you to decorate the general's new quarters. I'm leaving it in your hands. Get right to work on it." The corporals went to work, and when the 485 generals saw their new quarters, 350 of them were pleased. "Good work, major!" they said, and the 350 majors said, "Thank you, sir." The 135 generals who were not pleased said, "Major, my bar should've been cream-colored, not blue!" and the 135 majors cried, "Where's that fool of a corporal? I told him to paint that bar cream-colored!"

There were only 65,149 lieutenants who said last week: "Is that any way to report to an officer? Now go outside and come in this office again, and let's see you do it right this time!" This maneuver cost the war effort only 800 man-hours, far less than the average weekly loss.

The usual number of drill sergeants, about 32,405, yelled: "I don't like gettin' out here an' drillin' any better than you guys do!" Most of them said this with a straight face, but it was plain they were having the time of their lives.

Incomplete figures indicate that well over 29,000 junior officers on downtown street corners last week said: "Sergeant, come here. Why didn't you salute me just then? You looked right at me, and then you looked at that store window." To which 27,000 of the sergeants replied lamely, "Sorry, sir, I didn't see you," and the rest mumbled something about, "I guess I wasn't thinking." Three Marine sergeants, just back from the South Pacific, are reported to have said something else, but they couldn't be reached for confirmation.

About 1,200 airplanes were named during the week, most of them being called *Sad Sack*. A B-24 tail gunner in the Aleutians was asked what he thought would be a good name for the plane and he said, "Well, why call it anything? Let's just leave it blank for a change." He was grounded immediately, and when he persisted in this unreasonable attitude he was sent back to the States with a Section Eight recommendation.

BUT despite these little exceptions it was, as I said, a typical week in the Army. The usual 1,300 chaplains, all of them regular guys, handed out little TS cards as a daring joke. Overseas 4,000,000 GIs heard radio programs in which screen and radio stars insisted that they love servicemen and are behind them 100 percent.

The good old Army traditions are being carried on. Everything is going along swell.

Transfers to AGF

SOME 55,000 enlisted men from the Air Forces and 25,000 men from the Service Forces are being transferred to the Ground Forces in a program to be completed not later than the end of January. Men being transferred are those who are physically qualified for combat duty and whose places can be filled by personnel not so qualified. Men transferred will not lose their grades or ratings as a result of the transfer, the WD says. Air and Service Forces personnel not affected by this change are key specialists, combat-crew members, men in combat-crew training and men whose specialized technical skills make them not readily replaceable.

Air Forces Record

In the first three years of U. S. participation in the war, the Army Air Forces dispatched 1,566,329 flights which dropped 1,202,139 tons of bombs on enemy targets. In aerial combat, 22,894 enemy aircraft were destroyed, 5,986 probably destroyed and 8,068 damaged; on the ground there were 6,422 destroyed, 667 probably destroyed and 3,214 damaged. Our total losses were 13,491 planes, as opposed to the enemy's 29,316.

Combat-crew personnel suffered approximately 86,850 battle casualties in the period between Dec. 7, 1941, and Oct. 31, 1944.

The AAF dropped its millionth ton of bombs on Sept. 28 and rounded out 1½ million combat sorties on Nov. 18. AAF strength is estimated now to number more than 75,000 aircraft.

Army Casualties

Army casualties for all war areas totaled 483,957 as of Nov. 28 and casualties for all branches of the armed forces totaled 562,368. Army totals: Killed, 92,135; wounded, 272,351; missing, 62,786; prisoners, 56,685. Navy totals: Killed, 30,029; wounded, 34,503; missing, 9,493; prisoners, 4,486.

Of the Army's casualties, 98,366 were suffered in the fighting in Italy. The Italy casualties numbered the dead at 18,898; wounded, 67,194; missing, 12,274. Army casualties for the Western Front, excluding those of the Air Forces, reached 258,124 between D-Day and Dec. 1. The dead numbered 44,143; wounded, 189,118; missing, 24,863. Casualties on this front during November totaled 57,775.

NEW COLD WEATHER HOOD, now being procured by QMC, is designed as an accessory to the standard field jacket but may also be worn with an officer's trench coat. Its buttonholes meet the shoulder-loop buttons of the jacket or coat and the top button on the front of the jacket. The hood can be worn over the field cap or under the helmet.

Campaign Stars

The Philippine Liberation has been added to the list of battles and campaigns for which campaign stars are authorized. The area for the campaign is defined as the Philippine Islands and adjacent waters; the time limitation is from Oct. 17, 1944, to a final date to be announced later.

The campaign definitions for New Guinea, the Northern Solomons and the European Air Offensive have been rescinded and these definitions substituted [*General Order 89, 1944*]:

New Guinea: *Combat zone.*—Southwest Pacific Area less the Philippine Islands and less that portion of Australia south of latitude 21° south and east of longitude 140° east, except that the Bismarck Archipelago and adjacent waters will be included from 24 January to 14 December 1943, only. Effective 1 October 1944, the combat zone is limited to the Southwest Pacific Area less the Philippine Islands, less Australia, and less the Bismarck Archipelago, and less those portions of New Guinea both south and east of Madang. *Time limitation.*—24 January 1943. Final date to be announced later.

Northern Solomons: *Combat zone.*—Solomon Islands north and west of Russell Islands, Bismarck Archipelago, and adjacent waters, except that the Bismarck Archipelago and adjacent waters will be included from 22 February to 14 December 1943 only. Effective 1 October 1944, the combat zone is limited to Bougainville Island and adjacent waters. *Time limitation.*—22 February 1943. Final date to be announced later.

Air Offensive, Europe: *Combat zone.*—European Theater of Operations exclusive of the land areas of the United Kingdom and Iceland. *Time limitation.*—4 July 1942 to 5 June 1944.

Furloughs to War Plants

The WD has authorized the furloughing of 4,700 soldiers to work in plants producing artillery and mortar ammunition, military tires and cotton duck. Men with experience along these lines will go to 180 selected plants of highest priority, in which manpower shortages are retarding production. Efforts to recruit workers from civilian sources for these plants have not brought in enough men, and the combat demands for the items they produce is so great that no delay can be permitted in filling vacancies. The furloughed soldiers will return to their military duties as rapidly as civilian replacements can be found for them. No man who is alerted for overseas, who is assigned to the Infantry or who is undergoing air-crew training will be furloughed for the industrial work.

Unit Citations

Citations in the name of the President have been awarded to the following organizations as public evidence of deserved honor and distinction:

307th Airborne Medical Company, 82d Airborne Division.
82d Airborne Signal Company.
Hq. and Hq. Battery, 80th Airborne Antiaircraft Battalion.
Battery A, 80th Airborne Antiaircraft Battalion.
Battery B, 80th Airborne Antiaircraft Battalion.
Battery C, 80th Airborne Antiaircraft Battalion.
Company A, 307th Airborne Engineer Battalion.
Company B, 307th Airborne Engineer Battalion.
319th Glider Field Artillery Battalion.
320th Glider Field Artillery Battalion.
Hq. and Hq. Battery, Division Artillery, 82d Airborne Division.
7th Reconnaissance Troop.
1st Battalion, 168th Infantry Regiment.
2nd Battalion, 47th Infantry.
Company F, 145th Infantry Regiment.
3d Battalion, 22d Infantry Regiment.
3d Battalion, 30th Infantry Regiment.
Company I, 30th Infantry Regiment.
Company C, 337th Infantry Regiment.
Company G, 339th Infantry Regiment.
2d Battalion, 314th Infantry.
299th Engineer Combat Battalion.
3d Platoon, Company A, 4th Engineer Combat Battalion.
3d Platoon, Company C, 4th Engineer Combat Battalion.
237th Engineer Combat Battalion.
743d Tank Battalion, Medium.
70th Tank Battalion.
741st Tank Battalion.
87th Chemical Battalion (Motorized).
2d Platoon, Company C, 899th Tank-Destroyer Battalion.
Company A, 823d Tank-Destroyer Battalion.
Company B, 823d Tank-Destroyer Battalion.
Company B, 894th Tank-Destroyer Battalion.
112th Engineer Combat Battalion.
20th Engineer Combat Battalion.
146th Engineer Combat Battalion.
Collecting Platoon, Company B, 262d Medical Battalion.
397th Antiaircraft Artillery Provisional Machine Gun Battalion, 49th Antiaircraft Artillery Brigade.
37th Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop, Mechanized.
81st Chemical Battalion, Motorized.
2d Battalion, 60th Infantry.
8th Infantry Regiment.
Company L, 13th Infantry Regiment.
Hq. Company 2d Battalion, 129th Infantry Regiment.
Hq. Company, 2d Battalion, 148th Infantry Regiment.
Company F, 129th Infantry Regiment.
5th Ranger Infantry Battalion.
101st Airborne Signal Company.
Military Police Platoon, 101st Airborne Division.
Battery A, 81st Airborne Antiaircraft Battalion.
Battery B, 81st Airborne Antiaircraft Battalion.
326th Airborne Medical Company.
326th Airborne Engineer Battalion.

"Nice thing about combat points is that they come in such big bunches."

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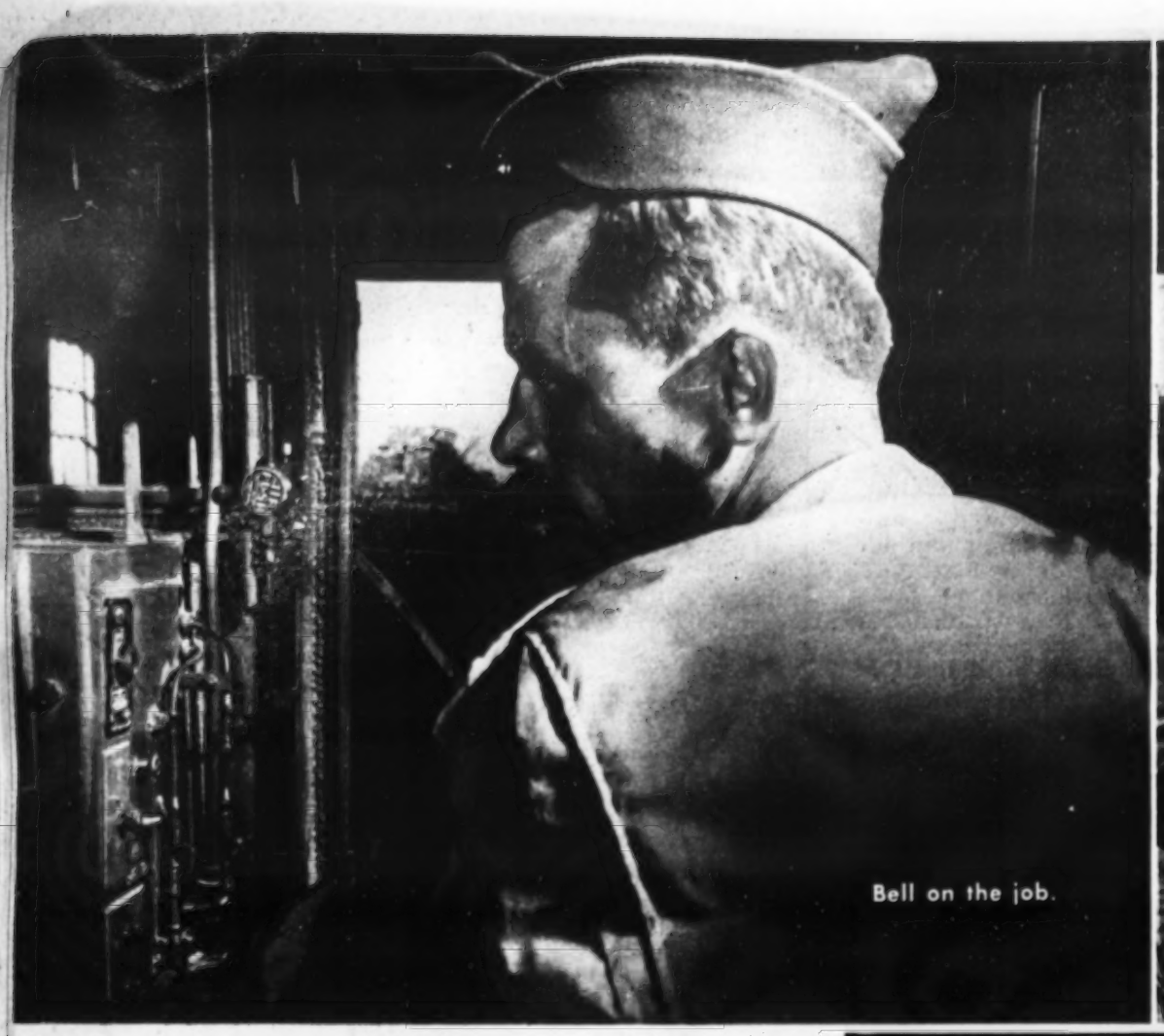
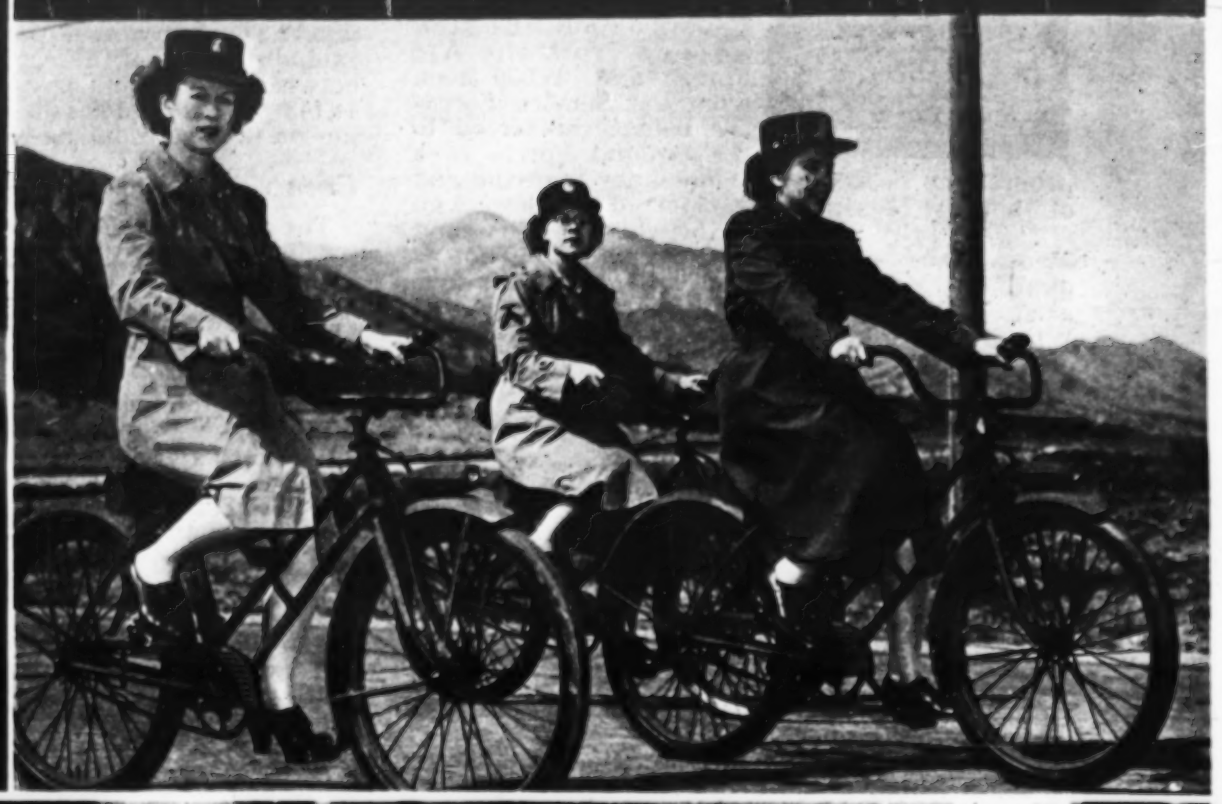


Bell on the job.



PEDAL-BORNE. These Wacs at Camp Carson, Colo., are issued bikes to go to and from work. They are (l. to r.) Pfc. Eleanor M. Reed, Pfc. Florence E. Radtke and Pfc. Dorothy Hyman. All three are dental technicians in a camp laboratory.

Switches to GI Railhead From Pennsy Panhandle

Camp Forrest, Tenn.—During the last 3½ years more than 500,000 tons of supplies, vehicles, equipment and food, plus 10 divisions of soldiers, have moved in and out of this camp without a single casualty.

T-5 William A. Bell, on special duty at the railhead, has had a large part in the establishment of this record. Bell, a railway switchman, "makes up" and "breaks down" the trains, doing the same kind of work he did as a civilian on the Panhandle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Bell, whose engine has a very audible bell on it, is nicknamed "Ding Dong" by his fellow GIs in Post Detachment No. 1.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—After the old "op'ry house" at nearby Carrabelle went up in smoke, GI Harbor Crafters at Camp Belle on this reservation built a movie theater of their own. They used an old paint shed, scrap lumber and the macadam base of an old motor pool. It took them three weeks of off-duty time.

Camp Butner, N. C.—Sgt. Jack Schatzman, clerk for Company I, 355th Infantry, 89th Division, says anything can happen in the Army and usually does. Correspondence he carried on with the ODB at Newark, N. J., and a bank at Oakland, Calif., regarding a Class E allotment of S/Sgt. Robert W. Vares unearthed an old savings account of $75 in favor of Vares. Vares was so elated that he rewarded Schatzman with a $25 check.

Ardmore AAF, Okla.—A GI who complained that the band drowned out his conversation at the weekly enlisted men's dance found the commanding officer sympathetic. The band was ordered to "play less noisily."

Camp Blanding, Fla.—Occasionally a training unit in the Infantry Replacement Training Center here returns from a hike with a man or two missing from the ranks, but it took a platoon of the 204th Training Battalion to come back from a 25-mile hike two men overstrength. Two GIs on pass hiked the last eight miles back to camp with the platoon.

Marine Headquarters, Washington, D. C.—There's a Coldwater sailor in the Marines. She's Pvt. Ida Sailor of Coldwater, Kans., transferred here after completing recruit training at Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Salinas AAB, Calif.—While working on the sweeping detail at base headquarters, Pvt. Robert Fish put the whole field in darkness. Intending to turn off a light on the CO's desk, Fish pulled the blackout switch by mistake.

Camp Lee, Va.—When the girls from D'Artega's all-girl orchestra arrived at the hostess house here at midnight, prior to their show the next day, they had a little difficulty getting to bed. The GI janitors had shortsheeted them.

Recruiting Office, Detroit, Mich.—Sgt. Ruth Wolf of the Public Relations Office, who writes a weekly column distributed to 30 civilian papers, went home on furlough and left her columnist chores to a rather embarrassed S/Sgt. Gordon Crowe. The name of the column: "I Am a Wac."

Tony Lopilato fools Carmen Miranda with some of his tricks.

Wizard in ODs Starts GI Magic Club

Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.—Sgt. Anthony M. Lopilato of Brooklyn is the founder of a magic club for servicemen at the Illinois Street Branch of Indianapolis Service Centers. It meets every Sunday evening and hundreds of soldiers attend, hoping to learn tricks of magic. Many celebrities have visited the organization, including Blackstone and Dunninger.

Sgt. Lopilato, who is an instructor in the bacteriology department of the Laboratory School at Billings General Hospital, became interested in magic his last year at St. John's University. Later he joined the Knights of Magic in New York. He was inducted in November of 1942 and since coming to Billings he has entertained the injured many times, not only with his magic but also by playing the mandolin and making portrait sketches.

PRIZES FOR PARODIES

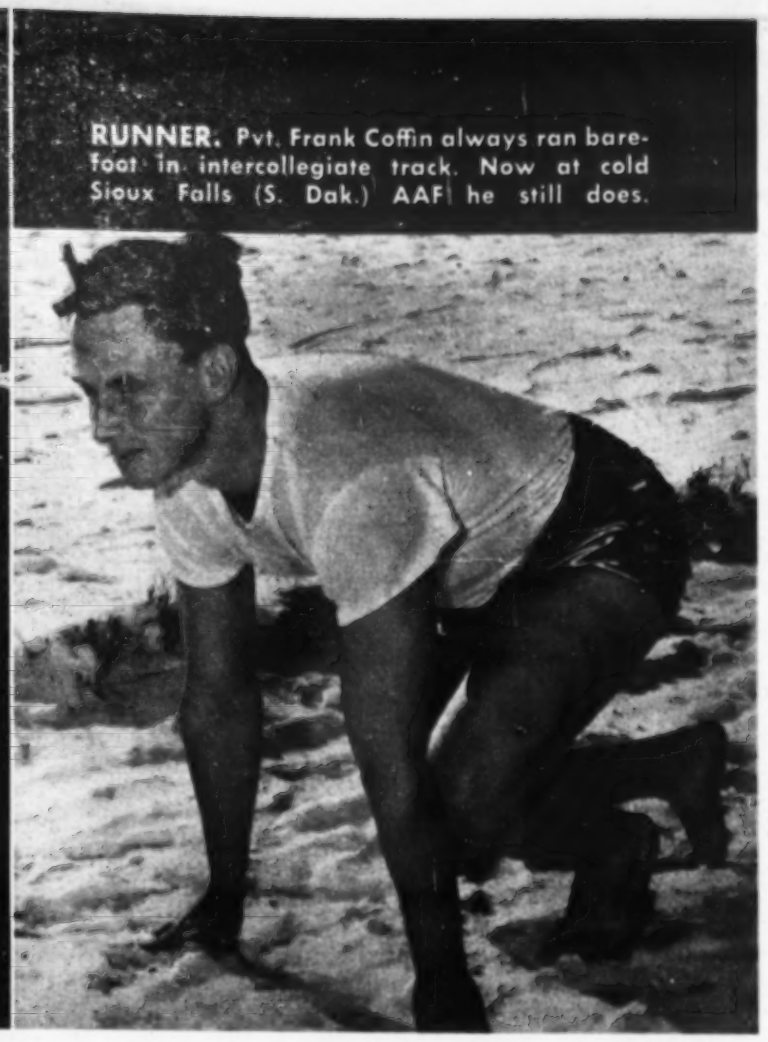
Write new, GI words to any popular tune and win yourself as much as $500 in War Bonds. It's easy. Take any tune that's whistled around and write an Army chorus to it. Here's a chance to let KP gripes win you a nest egg.

Prizes will be awarded as follows: First-prize parody—one $500 War Bond; five next best parodies—one $100 War Bond each; next 10—one $50 War Bond each; next 25—one $25 War Bond each; next 50—one $10 War Bond each.

These Are the Rules

1. Parodies must be mailed by Mar. 1, 1945.
2. Entries must be original parodies, suitable for reprinting, written by enlisted men or women of the U. S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps. Do not send music; *send only parody and name of song parodied.*
3. Parodies must be based on complete choruses of well-known tunes only.
4. Individuals may send as many entries as they like. In case of duplicate parodies, only the first arrival will be accepted.
5. Parodies must have a service or war subject. All parodies will become the property of the U. S. Army. Entries will not be returned.
6. Judges will be enlisted personnel of YANK, The Army Weekly, and of Music Section, Special Service Division. Judges' decisions will be final.
7. Address all entries to Parody Contest Editor, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y., U.S.A.
8. Winners will be announced in a May 1945 issue of YANK.
9. Include U. S. address to which you wish prize sent. BONDS WILL BE MADE OUT ONLY TO ADDRESSES WITHIN THE U. S. IF YOU'RE OVERSEAS BE SURE YOU INCLUDE HOME ADDRESS AND NAME OF PERSON IN CARE OF WHOM YOU WANT YOUR BOND SENT.
10. Violation of any of the above rules will eliminate entry.

CHAMP. At Alamogordo (N. Mex.) AAB, Sgt. James E. Mann bowled the first 300 game at the year-and-a-half-old base bowling alley.



RUNNER. Pvt. Frank Coffin always ran barefoot in intercollegiate track. Now at cold Sioux Falls (S. Dak.) AAF he still does.

DFC Winner Recalls Combat Past

Sioux Falls, AAF, S. Dak.—S/Sgt. Charles J. Geyer of Edison, Ohio, stood on his friend's stomach to save his life during a raid over La Goulette, near Tunis, which earned him the Distinguished Flying Cross.

"I'll never forget that one," said the 23-year-old veteran, now an instructor here. "I couldn't leave my gun and the first radioman was lying at my feet, bleeding from a 20-mm slug in his stomach. Then I remembered—apply direct pressure to the wound—so I put one foot on his stomach and the other on the catwalk and kept firing away. Later we hauled him into the radioman's shack and another man sat on him until we managed to get home. It was kind of rough but it saved the guy's life.

"While I was standing there straddled like that, the tail gunner crawled between my legs. He'd been hit so badly that his leg was just a mass of dangling flesh. Over the target we'd lost two engines, the elevators were all shot up, the ailerons were gone and the control cables were knocked out.

"We should have jumped, but nobody wanted to leave the two wounded men. In order to get home we had to throw out everything but the kitchen sink to lighten the ship. Everything went—the guns, the dinghy, radio, everything that wasn't bolted down.

"But we did too good a job. The tail became so light that I had to sit back there to hold her down. I was scared plenty, let me tell you, because the tail tire had been shot out and I figured the landing wasn't going to be any featherbed.

"Yes, we got in all right, scooted her to the end of the runway, but that ship was like a sieve. She never took off again."

ASK QUESTIONS LATER

Avon AAF, Fla.—All squadrons were assembled preparatory to passing in review. Noncom right guides were standing by their respective stakes, placed in designated spots earlier that morning so the formation would be neat. The command, "Guides, post," was given by the adjutant but because of the distance was not too audible. One CO, thinking his guide might not have understood the order, turned slightly and gave the command in his own words, "Guide take your post." Immediately his right guide reached down, pulled up the stake, marched over in a very military manner and handed it to his CO.

Eagerest Beaver

Camp Crowder, Mo.—To those who would like to have been a Rip Van Winkle and sleep out the war Pvt. George Phelan's haste to get into the Army will be hard to understand. Ordinary means of transportation weren't fast enough for him. He flew from Caracas, Venezuela, where his father is U. S. consul, to Mexico City and obtained a visa to enter this country. The trip cost him $500, but Phelan says it was worth it.

Phelan had been trying since 1942 to get into the uniform of Uncle Sam but had to wait until he was 21. Before that he attended Ramirez Military Academy in Colombia. Upon arriving from Mexico, he joined an uncle in Nogales, Ariz., and registered with the draft board there. A month later he was inducted and sent to Fort MacArthur, Calif., where he was classified for the Signal Corps. He is now a student signalman in the Central Signal Corps here.

"The two proudest moments of my life," Phelan says, "were when I entered the Army and when I became a U.S. citizen. This was my father's country and I felt that we owed it a lot."

Meat From the Garden

Dow Field, Maine—Personnel from Dow Field trekked hundreds of miles over Maine to hunt deer during the recent season, but a deer larger than any of the six they got was shot right here on the base by Pfc. Mitchel Strange.

Pfc. Strange, accompanied by Cpl. Frank Higgins, left Squadron E barracks one morning and in less than an hour they were back with a 10-point buck that weighed 219 pounds dressed. They spotted the buck in the Victory garden at the far corner of the base and both took a shot at him. Cpl. Higgins wounded him, but credit for the kill went to Pfc. Strange, who brought him down with a .30-caliber rifle.

CAMP NEWS

This Air Force Rescue Act Was Like a Circus Stunt

Gardner (right) shows how he hung when rescued by Woodiwiss (left).

Greenville AAB, S. C.—Without a parachute, Cpl. Blair L. Gardner hung by eight fingers from a B-25 flying 210 miles per hour 8,000 feet above Georgia. Gardner hates to think what might have happened if his radioman hadn't felt something brush by his arm and looked down to see him dangling full length out of the plane. After a short struggle the radioman, Cpl. Charles R. Woodiwiss, managed to pull Gardner back into the plane. As a result, Woodiwiss has been recommended for the Soldier's Medal.

"I felt something brush by my sleeve," says Woodiwiss. "I looked down to my left. The wooden platform had tilted. I could look right down 8,000 feet to the ground and I could see Gardner's body trailing in the wind."

Gardner doesn't remember dropping, but he remembers catching the edge of the hole with his fingers. "I didn't look down," he says. "I just looked straight ahead and waited to lose my hold. I was sure I was going to fall."

Woodiwiss yanked off his headphones, reached down and grabbed Gardner by his parachute harness. Because of the wind Woodiwiss had a hard time pulling his pal back up through the hole. They figure the rescue took about 90 seconds, "although it seemed like two hours to me," says Gardner.

A check of the ship showed that some of the bolts that hold the wooden platform over the hole had been loose, allowing the platform to tilt. Gardner's weight broke open the round patch of metal on the skin of the plane outside, the patch dropped off and is somewhere in Georgia, along with Gardner's fatigue cap.

—S/Sgt. CODY PFANSTIEHL

Candy Jones
YANK
Pin-up Girl

What goes on in the ENTERTAINMENT WORLD back home

When Frankie sings.

What and Why Is Sinatra?

If you have been overseas long enough to have forgotten thoroughly the taste of fresh milk and the look of civilian clothes, you are probably baffled by the U. S. song-and-sex phenomenon known as Frank Sinatra.

All I knew about Sinatra was that he had been a better-than-average vocalist with Tommy Dorsey's band when I last heard him and that he had climbed, by the time I got back to the States, into a position as "King of the Baritones" and "Idol of the Bobby Soxers." Lord help me, I didn't even know what Bobby Soxers were! I learned by going to a theater where Sinatra headed the stage show. It was a school holiday and the shrill little girls, packed into the theater and overflowing into a major traffic problem on the streets outside, were the Bobby Soxers.

When Sinatra—whom they call "The Voice" when they aren't calling him "Oh, Frankie"—came on the stage, they whistled and stamped and uttered odd cooing sounds and jumped up and down in their seats. Whenever he moved the sounds got louder and the jumping more unrestrained. You couldn't hear his voice for the bleating of the Soxers, so I can't judge whether he's better or worse than he used to be. I did get to meet him between shows and found, to my surprise because I was braced to dislike him, that he was just a guy, nicer than not nice.

For your information, here are a few facts on "The Voice." He is draft age but is not draft material because of a punctured eardrum. He was born in Hoboken, N. J., and went to high school there, swimming on the school team and playing a little tennis. He kidded around some with boxing, but his old man, who had done some pro boxing himself, talked him out of going into the racket seriously. Instead he had a fling at sports reporting on the *Jersey Observer*. Then he started singing and from there on in his voice was his meal ticket.

The Bobby Sox business—possibly begun as a press-agent stunt, but now out of anyone's control, including Frankie's—got him his first big-time publicity. Today he has two radio programs, draws top money for personal appearances and can write his own ticket in Hollywood. He has kept up his interest in boxing to a certain extent, the extent depending on what you think of Tami Mauriello, a boxer whom he is rumored to own. He married a home-town girl, and they have two kids—a girl going on 5 and a baby boy.

Sinatra makes violent love to the mike when he sings. His fans love it and the anti-Sinatra crowd hates it. A teen-age boy threw an egg smack in his face during his last New York stage engagement, and Sinatra took it with as good grace as anyone can take an egg in the face. He and the egg-thrower made up after the show. On his stage dates Sinatra has to come into the theater early and hide there all day. If he goes out he is mobbed by the Bobby Soxers. Between shows, he usually eats backstage and listens to a victrola, frequently playing Sinatra records.

Nobody has been able to figure out to anyone's satisfaction why Sinatra has the effect he has on his Bobby Sox fans. One of his secretaries, a cute dish whose husband is serving overseas, said: "The doctors say it's just because he's got a very sexy voice, but I've been with him a year now and his voice doesn't do a thing to me."

Maybe it's the war.

—YANK Staff Writer

YOU don't have to be a sissy to cry for candy, if it's Candy Jones you mean. This stick of peppermint began as a Conover model, has done a movie short and appeared in a musical comedy. Candy lives with a white angora cat named Frankenstein and likes all sports except skiing and wrestling. Now she's overseas with a USO show.

HIT KIT

THE January issue of the *Hit Kit*, distributed by Special Services, includes the following numbers: "I'll See You in My Dreams," "There Goes That Song Again," "What a Difference a Day Made," "My Blue Heaven," "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Town of Berlin When the Yanks Go Marching In," "Let Me Love You Tonight" and "Lullaby of Broadway."

RADIO

Bob Hope was re-elected radio's "Champion of Champions" by newspaper radio editors, critics and columnists of the United States and Canada in the ninth annual *Motion Picture Daily* poll. . . .

Judith Blair

Judith Blair did the vocalizing when George Olsen's orchestra was heard on "The Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands" over the Blue Network. . . . Harry James and his orchestra are featured on the new Danny Kaye show. . . . Phil Baker isn't busy enough with "Take It or Leave It." He's planning another radio show. . . . Orson Welles is preparing a radio show that will allow the listeners to determine the type of production each week. . . . When Ellery Queen's weekly murder-mystery program featured "Adventure of Death on Skates," the story of a murder during an ice-hockey play-off between the New York and Winnipeg teams, sports writer Frank Graham was the guest sleuth.

HOLLYWOOD

Boston, the home of John L. Sullivan, gets the world premiere of "The Great John L.," the film story of the fighter's life. . . . Burgess Meredith's head was partially shaved to make him look more like the bald-pated Ernie Pyle for the lead in "GI Joe." . . . Joan Caulfield, who earned her screen chance while playing in "Kiss And Tell" on Broadway, had her bags all packed to return to New York when she was signed to a new contract by Paramount after executives viewed rushes of her performance in "Miss Susie Slagle." . . . Ann Rutherford will sing for the first time in her screen career in "Bedside Manner." The song: "As If I Didn't Have Enough on My Mind." . . . George Bernard Shaw, making his first visit to the United States since 1933, is expected to arrive in February to attend the U. S. premiere of his "Caesar and Cleopatra." . . . Pictures are being made about two New York night clubs, Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe and Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club. . . . Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, who teamed so well in "Going My Way," will be seen together again in "Duffy's Tavern." Fitzgerald will play the part of Bing's father. . . . MGM has purchased "Josephine," Booth Tarkington's latest novel—the story of a South Pacific war hero who returns to his home in a small Mid-Western city.

HEAVENLY DAE. The Dae is Donna and she sings with Fred Waring's band on its new radio show and in stage appearances.

COAST TO COAST

When the International Brotherhood of Magicians held its three-day convention in Pittsburgh, Pa., one of the members drove an automobile from the airport into the city while blindfolded. . . . "Star and Garter," featuring Willie Howard, is playing to packed houses in the Blackstone at Chicago. . . . Martha Raye will be starred in a Paul Small variety show, "Fun Time," to open in San Francisco . . . Meanwhile another Small production, "Star Time," closed a three-month run in New York and began a tour that will take in Boston, Philadelphia and Washington. . . . When the Hamid-Morton Circus played for Yaarab Shrine at Atlanta, Ga., Lee Furman, city editor of the *Constitution*, took the week off to clown at every performance. As a result, Bob Morton invited him to go with the circus to Memphis, Tenn., for its date for Al Chymia Shrine in February. . . . Some 75,000 yards of new canvas was flameproofed at a chemical plant in Baltimore for the 40-odd big and little "tops" for the 1945 tour of the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus. Another innovation will be metal grandstand seats, it was announced from Sarasota (Fla.) winter quarters.

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The Bombing of New York

IT is good to be on furlough. I have 21 days, including six days' traveling time, and they can all go to hell.

I mean that in a nice way, of course. I have been sweating out this furlough in Texas for 13 endless, dusty months, and now that I have it they can all go to hell. The major can go to hell, the first sergeant can go to hell, the barracks chief can go to hell—in a nice way.

The train is clacketing into New York. It is just like they do it in the movies. The train bores maniacally into that tunnel that leads to the Pennsylvania Station. My girl is going to meet me there, and I have to get ready quickly.

Everyone is getting ready. The GIs have a way of jumping at their shelved luggage with one stiffened, implementing arm and hand. I catch my luggage deftly as it is about to fall. I lay the bag flat on my seat and make loud, fetching clicks with its locks before I fling it open. I take out an immaculate suit of ODs, and I go into the men's room and put them on.

The train gets in all right.

I see my girl. I kiss her strongly in front of all the people, a Texas hunger kiss. She says she'll go and buy a hat with her mother and will I get myself some sleep in a nice comfortable hotel room and call her later. I say I will.

I walk out of the station into New York. The taxis are still scatting, the leggy blondes are still darting into and out of office buildings, and ancient hags in mildewed funeral trappings are still selling the incredible gilded clothespins which, I am told, serve as tassels on window shades, if you are willing. Yes, the old and storied back-alley crones are still selling gilded clothespins from off the buttressing cornerstones of national and international banks.

No one seems to care about my gape-mouthed wonder, which is concerned with whether everything is the same. Everything is the same. I go into a quiet hotel on 47th Street, and they give me a room with bath.

The colored boy "sirs" me seven times on the way to my room. I give him a dime and when he is gone I say to myself: "This is the closest I have ever come to a commission in 13 months of the Army."

At such a time as this you do not do anything. Your bag is standing unopened on the floor, your flight cap is firmly angled on your head. You stand and look at yourself in the bureau mirror, then you flop amorphously into a sitting position on the bed. You do not know quite what to do. This is what the omniscient novelists would call a "space."

Someone has left a newspaper on the bureau and, to prove to myself that I am alive and rational, I pick it up. I open the paper to the editorial page. There are several of the usual columns by Washington know-it-alls, and I start to read one of them.

This particular one says that the Germans might conceivably mount robot bombs upon the decks of super-submarines and let New York City have the business from 50 or 60 miles out to sea. These bombs would have considerable nuisance value and might help the Nazis to a better peace treaty, the writers go on to say.

Then, through the window of the hotel room, through the walls, the ceiling and the crack under the door, I hear the whimpering dry heave of the New York air-raid sirens. I know at once the fullest, most profound certitudes a man can have—the certitudes which say that life is very sweet at 24, that my girl is unutterably lovely, that my furlough has hardly started, that a New York hotel is a hell of a place for a GI from a Texas base to die.

And still it continues, the gathering, hag-riding stridence of modern air-raid alarms. Now the bells are beginning to ring, and I want weirdly and desperately to hear the awful confirmation of a bursting bomb.

"We've been too smug, too smug," my thoughts say. I know I sound just like the Sixth War Loan Drive, but these are the only words I can think of at the time: "Too, too smug."

I go to the telephone. I am almost sure the operator must have flung away her headpiece and fled down into the dark, impregnable depths of the Eighth Avenue subway.

"Good mawning, sir," she says in pure Brooklynese that to me sounds like the first four notes of Beethoven's Fifth.

"Hello," I say. "What's the matter?"

"Waddaya mean, watsa matter?" she asks through her gum.

"I mean the sirens and the bells," I say, a little feverishly. "Is there a raid?"

"Oh, no," she says. "No, it's practice; it's a 12-o'clock practice. We always have one."

She pauses and adds providently: "Ya never can tell, ya know."

With that, it occurs to me that she sounds like the Sixth War Loan Drive.

"Oh," I say, "practice. Thanks anyway."

"Notta tall," she says.

I hang up and cha-grin at myself in the mirror for about 40 seconds. Then I take a shower and go to bed.

Lowry Field, Colo. —Pvt. JOSEPH DEVER

THE LIGHT TURNER-ONNER

Oh, quarter me not with the barracks pest
Who gives not a thought to another's rest;
Though tired men around him sleep,
He'll rush in like a charging jeep
And, heeding not their sweet repose,
Turn on the lights to doff his clothes.

There's just one cure for this guy's gall:
Wake him up often for a curtain call.

AAFBU, Inglewood, Calif. —Sgt. SHELBY FRIEDMAN

Barracks Barber
—S/Sgt. Bruce Tucker, Camp Pickett, Va.

MY PRE-PEARL HARBOR RIBBON

I trim my chest with yellow, lest
My friends should not remember
I got my gun in Forty-One,
Sometime before December.

Through awful peace, through Lend and Lease,
I stood up like a man
And won the war a year before
The goddam thing began.

TCOCS, New Orleans, La. —O/C CHARLES P. GRAVES

NO PROMOTION

I have siphoned dregs of dolor
From the deepest, darkest pit.
I have quaffed the cup of sorrow;
Failed to score or even hit.

Breaks and ratings go to others
But, alas, they pass me by.
Stripes about me sprout profusely;
I am left to wonder why.

Sergeants (staff and tech and master),
Pausing briefly in their grade,
Blithely rush by to promotion;
Booted, rooted, I have stayed.

True, the war can't last forever;
Blindest fools as much can see.
But, I often sadly wonder,
Will it, maybe, outlast me?

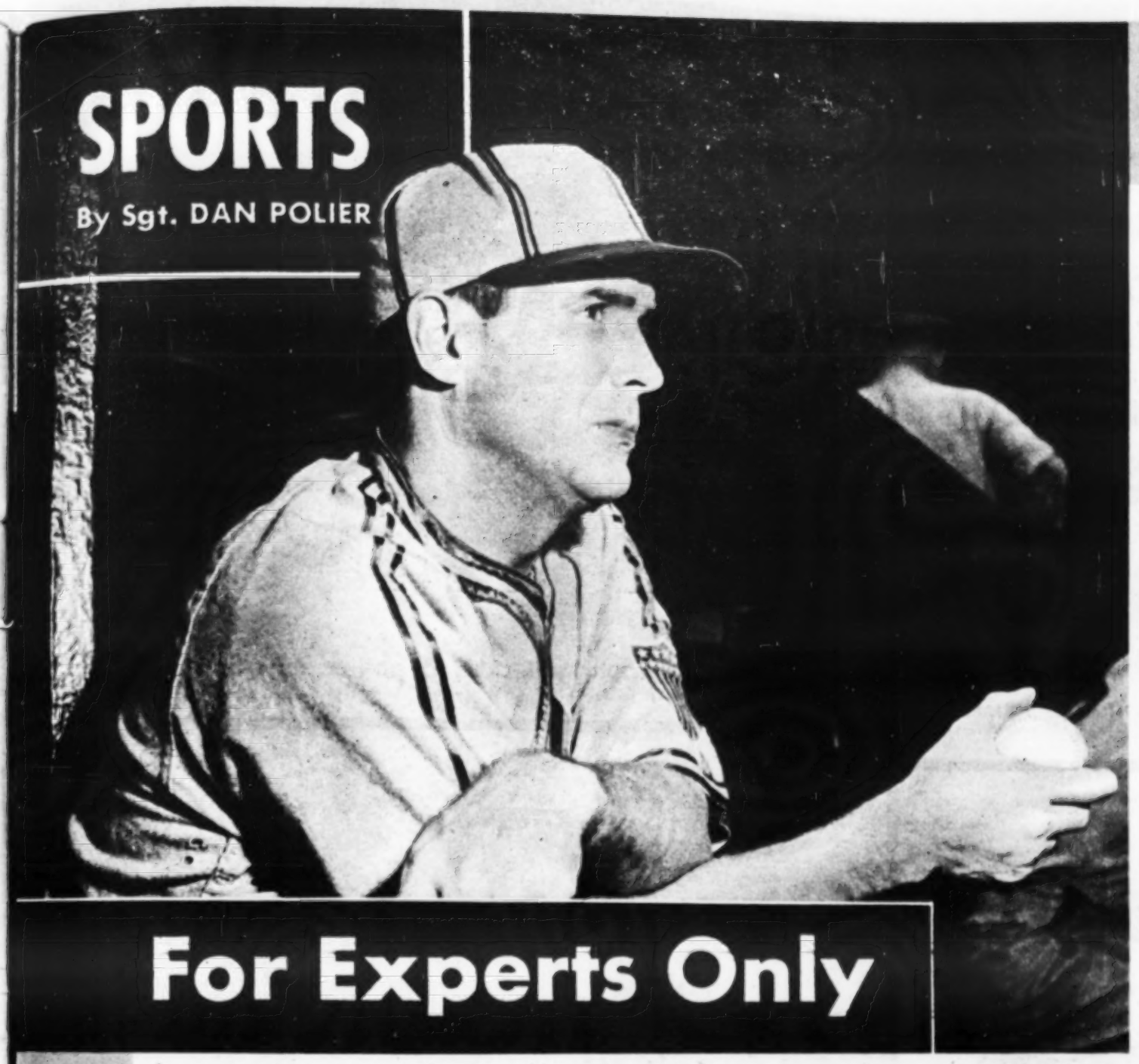
San Angelo AAF, Tex. —Cpl. H. J. BENNETT

—Sgt. Al Koelin, Homestead Field, Pa.

"It's your wife Snookums . . . sir."
—Sgt. Tom Zibelli, Fort Bliss, Tex.

SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



For Experts Only

THIS is YANK'S sixth sports quiz—a good proving ground for your knowledge of sports-events personalities. In scoring yourself, allow five points for every question you answer correctly. Eighty or more is excellent, 70 is good, 60 is fair, 50 is passing, 40 or below, failure.

1. Here are eight sayings by famous sports figures. See if you can match the sayings with the names of the authors, which appear in the list below. You are expected to get five. *a)* I'll murder dat bum. *b)* Good field, no hit. *c)* I forgot to duck. *d)* I'm on my way; they can't beat us. *e)* At Notre Dame, the quarterback is never wrong. *f)* Is Brooklyn still in the league? *g)* I zigged when I should've zagged. *h)* So you call yourselves the Fighting Irish!

Blondy Ryan, Jack Dempsey, Knute Rockne, Tony Galento, Jack Roper, Mike Gonzalez, Elmer Layden, Bill Terry.

2. What teams played in the World Series made famous by these incidents: *a)* Ernie Lombardi's midsummer night's dream at home plate, *b)* third strike missed by Mickey Owen, *c)* fruit shower given Joe Medwick by fans, *d)* Grover Cleveland Alexander fanned Tony Lazzeri with the bases full in the seventh inning of the deciding game.

3. Complete these sports slogans: *a)* Break up the _____. *b)* Stagg fears _____. *c)* Shut the gates of _____. *d)* Punt, pass and _____.

4. Tommy Loughran fought every heavyweight champion since Willard, except Dempsey, Schmeling and Louis. Can you name the ones he fought?

5. Bucky Walters broke into the big leagues as *a)* outfielder, *b)* pitcher, *c)* catcher, *d)* third baseman.

6. Only six horses have ever won the Triple Crown (Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont Stakes). Can you name three of them?

7. Louis Meyer was *a)* bowling champion, *b)* movie producer, *c)* Indianapolis Speedway winner, *d)* boxing promoter.

8. In baseball, is the foul line in fair territory?

9. Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations: *a)* AAU, *b)* PGA, *c)* TCU, *d)* RBI, *e)* IC4A, *f)* TKO, *g)* AB, *h)* WSB. You should get five out of eight.

10. Identify the heavyweight champion who *a)* lost his title sitting on a stool; *b)* won his title sitting on the canvas.

11. In case you've forgotten, the Davis Cup was grabbed from us the same week that the war began in Europe. Name the two Australians who won it.

12. Who is he? He comes from a family of fighters and has been fighting for at least 15 years. Pound for pound he is one of the smartest fighters in the business, and has frequently been called one of the dirtiest. He had an undistinguished career until the time he was signed to meet the welterweight champion as strictly a dark horse. He upset the champ and then proceeded to lose the title to someone nobody ever heard of outside of New Jersey. He is now in the Army.

13. Name the catchers in these famous baseball batteries: *a)* Grove and _____, *b)* Alexander and _____, *c)* Cooper and _____.

14. Only two football players from colleges in Colorado have ever won All-America recognition. Who were they and what were their schools?

15. What Rose Bowl games were featured by these plays: *a)* Doyle Nave throwing a winning pass with 49 seconds left to play, *b)* Al Barabas scoring standing up on KF-79, *c)* Roy Riegels running the wrong way.

16. This man was responsible for the biggest sports surprise of 1944. Who is he?

17. Who is the only major-league manager to win pennants in both the American and National leagues?

18. With what sports do you associate these trophies *a)* Stanley Cup, *b)* Walker Cup, *c)* Ascot Gold Cup.

19. What manager won the American League batting championship in 1944?

20. Name the three champions that Henry Armstrong defeated to win the Triple Crown.

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

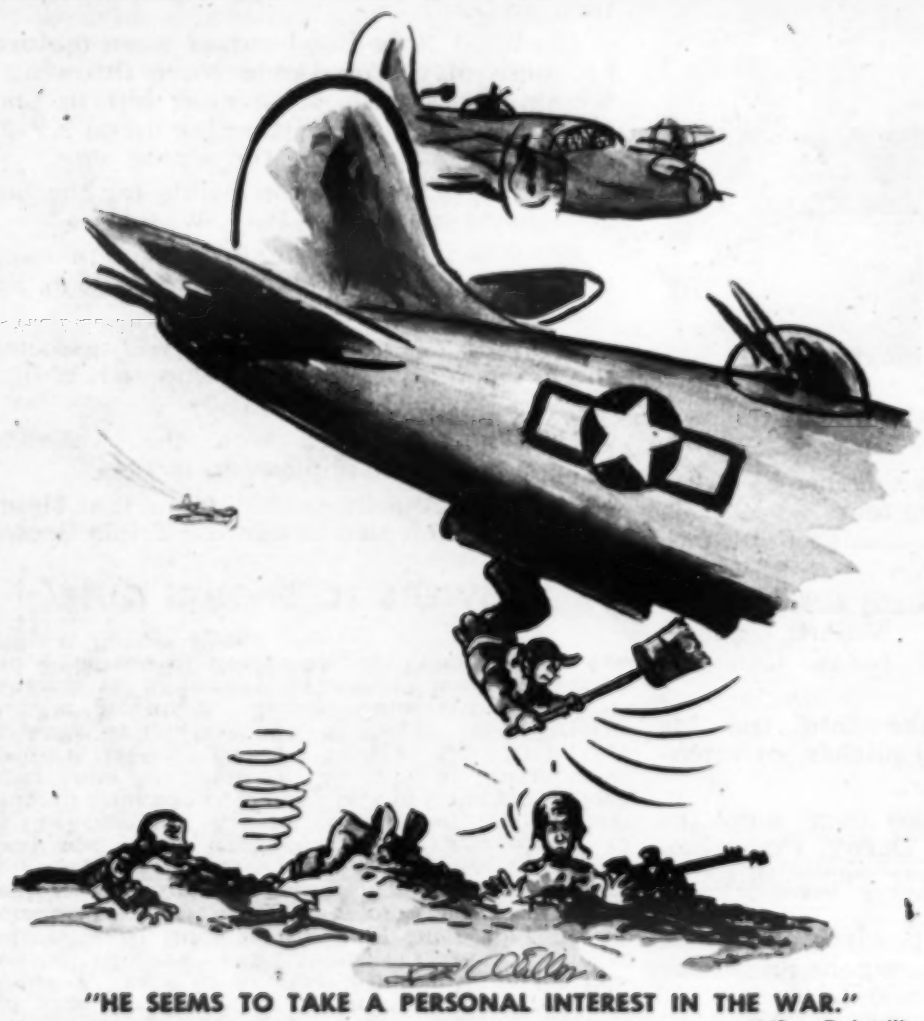
1. *a)* Tony Galento, *b)* Mike Gonzales, *c)* Jack Dempsey, *d)* Blondy Ryan, *e)* Elmer Layden, *f)* Bill Terry, *g)* Jack Roper, *h)* Knute Rockne. 2. *a)* Yankees vs. Reds, 1939; *b)* Yankees vs. Dodgers, 1941; *c)* Cardinals vs. Tigers, 1934; *d)* Yankees vs. Cardinals, 1926. 3. *a)* Yankees, *b)* Purdue, *c)* Mercy, *d)* Prayer. 4. Tunney, Baer, Braddock, Sharkey and Carnera. 5. *d)* Third baseman. 6. Count Fleet, Whirlaway, War Admiral, Omaha, Gallant Fox, Sir Barton. 7. *c)* Indianapolis Speedway winner. 8. Yes. 9. *a)* Amateur Athletic Union, *b)* Professional Golfers' Association, *c)* Texas Christian University, *d)* Runs batted in, *e)* Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America, *f)* Technical knockout, *g)* At bat, *h)* Whip, spurs, blinkers. 10. *a)* Jess Willard, *b)* Max Schmeling. 11. Adrian Quist and Jack Bromwich. 12. Fritzie Zivic. 13. *a)* Cochrane, *b)* Killefer, *c)* Cooper. 14. Whizzer White of Colorado U. Dutch Clark of Colorado College. 15. *a)* Duke vs. Southern Cal, 1939, *b)* Columbia vs. Stanford, 1934; *c)* Georgia Tech vs. California, 1929. 16. Luke Sewell, manager of the St. Louis Browns. 17. Joe McCarthy, Chicago Cubs and New York Yankees. 18. *a)* hockey, *b)* golf, *c)* horse racing. 19. Lou Boudreau of Cleveland. 20. Petey Sarron, Lou Ambers, Barney Ross.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Pvts. Beau Jack and **Bob Montgomery**, who used to exchange the welterweight title every six weeks as civilians, will continue their honorable series when they tour the Pacific with **S/Sgt. Joe Louis'** new troupe. At one time Jack was sweating out a CDD, but the Army's new policy on discharges for athletes has probably changed that. . . . **Capt. Bud Ward**, the U. S. amateur golf champ, has been in the Philippines with the AAF since A-plus-4. . . . Medics have advised **Lt. Hank Luisetti** not to play basketball anymore because his heart was weakened by the use of so many sulfa drugs in treating his recent attack of spinal meningitis. . . . When **Lt. Don Budge** was an EM at Monterey, Calif., he once drew a detail that required him to do nothing but sleep. He was testing a new type of bunk for the Quartermaster Corps. . . . **Sgt. Chick Harbert** and **Lt. Horton Smith**, a couple of golf pros, will go overseas any day now for Special Services. Also shipping: **Lt. Al Blozis**, the Giants' all-pro league tackle. . . . Latest figures show 22 boxers, pro and amateur, killed in the ETO since Nov. 1, 1944. . . . After watching Randolph Field beat the Second AAF Superbombers, 13-6, **Lou Little** said: "**Bill Dudley** looked like just another good back, but that No. 46 was something to see. Man, how he can carry that ball." In case you're interested, Number 46 was **Pvt. Steve Sucic** of Second AAF, who still has two more years of eligibility at the University of Illinois. . . . If **Ed McKeever**, Notre Dame's pro-tem coach, doesn't want Jim Crowley's old job at Fordham, **Lt. Joe Maniaci** of Bainbridge may get it. . . . **Lt. John Kimbrough**, Texas A & M's great fullback, is now flying a bomber in the Pacific. . . . During the Allied swimming championships at Oran, an unknown Naval lieutenant scoffed at the winning time of the 1,500-meter race and told the officials he could have beaten it by five minutes. The officials called the lieutenant's bluff and asked if he wanted to enter the 5,000 meters. He accepted and proceeded to win the race with ridiculous ease. It wasn't until the lieutenant pulled himself out of the water that he broke down and confessed he was **Lt. (jg) Joe Brock**, former Big Ten champion from Illinois.

WADDY'S WAGON. This B-29 is aptly named, because its pilot is Capt. Waddy Young, Oklahoma's All-America end. Here Young (left) and crew duplicate their caricatures at a Saipan base.

"I KNOW! I KNOW! BUT IT WAS NEVER LIKE THIS IN TIMES SQUARE!"
—Sgt. Charles Pearson



"HE SEEMS TO TAKE A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE WAR."
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"WELL, GRIDLEY, WOULD YOU CARE TO SIGN A STATEMENT OF CHARGES ON THAT CANTEEN?"
—A/S Gerry Turner

"DEBS GETS ALL THE BABES SINCE HE GOT RID OF 1700 SHADOW."
—Pvt. Sidney Landi

"I'D OF QUIT THIS JOB A LONG TIME AGO IF I WASN'T MAKING SO MUCH MONEY."
—Pfc. Frederick Wildfoerster

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